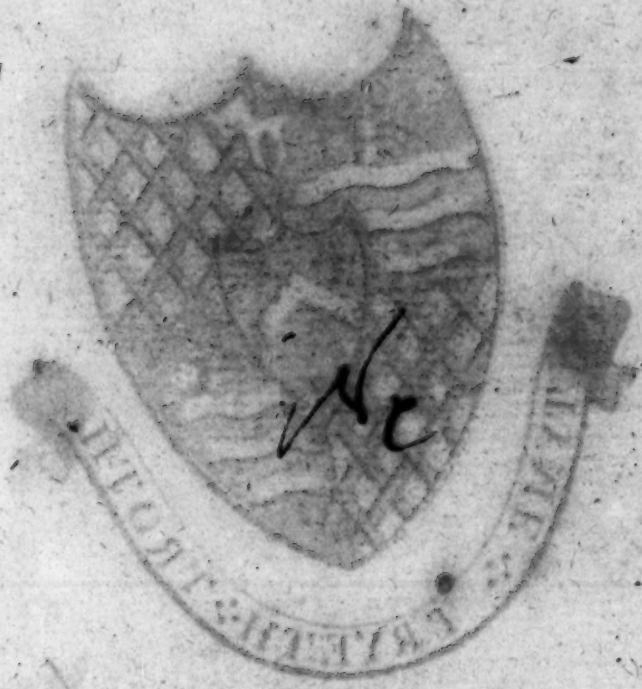


LETTERS

FROM THE

LIVING to the LIVING,

Relating to the Preſent TRANSACTIONS both Publick and Private.

With their ſeveral ANSWERS.

Under the following Heads, Viz.

Reformation. The P---r of *P--pl--r*, to a City Knight, for ſome years ſince one of the *Elect*, but now under a State of *Reprobation*, &c.

Sing-ſong Tigellius the Undone, the Unfortunate *Tigellius*, to his Brethren at *Will's Coffee-Houſe*.

Clement the *Pope*, to the *Doge*, and *Republick* of *Venice*.

Mr. J--- *F*--- to Mr. J--- P---

Abridgment a Bookſeller, to *Original* an Author.

The Two hundred *Maidens* at the *Bath*, to the *Virgins* in *Oxford*.

The Duke of *Burgundy* to the King of *Spain*.

Tom Double to his Brother *Under-Spur-Leather* in the Country.

John D---by, the Phariſaical Printer, to *John T--d* the Scribe.

From a Voluntier at St. *Maries*, to his Friend in *London*.

A Letter from a young Officer at *Vigo*, to his Friend at *London*.

Goſſip *Murray* the *Projector* to *Inquiſitive Love-News*.

Written by Several Hands.

Quicquid agunt Homines, Votum, Timor, Ira, Voluptas, Guadia, Diſcurſus, Noſtri eſt Farrago Libelli

Juvenal.

London, Printed in the Year 1703.

763
1.



TO

James Buller Esq;

KNIGHT

OF THE

SHIRE

FOR THE

County of CORNWAL.

SIR,

DEdications are grown so frequent, that a Book without a Patron looks as if it did not deserve a Friend to stand by it, or its Author was Master of that Assurance to think it stood in need of none. Wherefore, as I would not be thought to behave my self

Epiſtle Dedicatory.

ſo Ill in the World, but to have ſome one left me yet to have Recourſe to, ſo I wou'd not offer to put upon Peoples Underſtandings ſo much, as to give 'em Occaſion to ſuppoſe I was ſatisfy'd of my own Merit, or cou'd juſtle my ſelf into a Reputation without any Name for a Protection.

Mens Tongues are too Buiſy with one anothers's Characters, eſpecially thoſe that write themſelves, or Cenſure thoſe thoſe that do, for an Author to make his Appearance Unarm'd and in a Defenceleſs Condition; and tho' 'tis out of Date for the Swords Men *of this Age to make uſe of Seconds, it remains in Practice, and ever will amongſt the* Pen-Men, *to make Intereſt with thoſe of Eſteem and Worth to be Judges, as well as Advocates of the Cauſe that wou'd Miſcarry without 'em.*

Not that I wou'd Entail a Quarrel on your Hands, or by Petitioning for the

Grant

Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Grant of your Aſſiſtance, wou'd bring thoſe upon your Back, that are coming upon mine. But Temples that wou'd have been level'd with the Ground, without any Regard to the Skill of the Artiſt, have been left ſtanding for the Sake of the Deities they have been Conſecrated to; and we that have Contributed to Furniſh out this Collection for the Diverſion of the Publick, that wou'd have no Favour ſhewn us for our own Names, may be compaſſionately Dealt withal for making uſe of yours.

But it may be a Surprize to you, that a Perſon who has been loſt to your Acquaintance for theſe ſeven Years laſt paſt, ſhou'd endeavour to put you in mind of it after this manner, and that I who have had the Honour to have part of my Education under the ſame Roof with you, ſhou'd be ſo far a Stranger to

the

the ſame Abilities you brought from it to make thoſe Studies my Buſineſs, that were in thoſe Days intended by me for my Diverſion.

I Bluſh indeed, at the Occaſions that have Eſtrang'd me from the Converſation of thoſe Gentlemen, who like your ſelf, have formerly been pleas'd to fling away an Hour or two in my Company, and can never forgive my ſelf the Loſs of thoſe Precious Minutes that might have been Improv'd to my Great Advantage, and by good Management, render'd me above the Misfortunes, thoſe that now know me, ſee me perpetually Struggling with. It wou'd be Unmannerly to Reflect on thoſe that are the Cauſe of it, they are too nearly Related to me to be Cenſur'd; and I ſhou'd want Charity, ſhou'd I endeavour to make it appear that they wanted Mercy.

My

Epistle Dedicatory.

My Business is to Ask your Acceptance of the following Sheets, and by remembring what I am, not to dwell upon what I have been, tho' I must not forget from thence to Crave a Title to your Patronage. A Gentleman of your Honour will not lessen his Value for a Present that comes from a Hand that is Unfortunate, and the good Intentions of the Donor will be look'd upon, without any Reflection upon the Meanness of the Gift.

Whatever it is, it must meet with a Reception in the World, and be Reckon'd amongst the Current Coin of Wit, because it bears your Inscription; since a Name that is Endear'd to the County which takes Pride in being Represented by you; To the Senate, whose Resolutions are Invigourated by your Chearful Concurrence with the rest of those Worthy Patriots, who stand by Her Sacred Majesty in Defence of that Faith She has been happily Educated in; To the King-

dom,

dom, which you are a ſhining Ornament to, cannot but exceedingly Diminiſh from its Faults, be they never ſo Conſpicuous.

But while I am making my Boaſts to the World of the Knowledge I have of your Excellent Qualities, I am running into a Fault that will ſhew I know you not, in Treſpaſſing upon a Temper that loſes its Serenity only when we are Praiſing it; wherefore in Complyance with your Pleaſure, I put a ſtop to my own, and reſtrain my ſelf from the Perſuit of a Character, which notwithſtanding your unwillingneſs to be known for what you are, will Emblazon its own Worth; by Subſcribing,

Sir,

Your moſt Humble,

Moſt Obedient,

And moſt Devoted Servant.

THE

THE PREFACE.

THERE had been no Occasion for the Gentlemen Concern'd in this Collection to pay their Respects to the Reader by way of *Preface*, had not every one been wanting to himself in a due Supervisal of what he submits to his or her Censure.

The Matters Treated of, are so Obnoxious to every one's Cognizance, and brought into their Remembrance by such late Occurrences, that they have no Trouble flung upon their hands to Consult History, or have Recourse to Times long past, to explain the Meaning of 'em. As for the Design

ſign, after that of *Profiting* the Bookſeller and themſelves, they dare affirm it to be *Honeſt*, and not a Soul but what is under a Diſturbance for late Diſappointments, and the Recovery of the Church *Party* in their former Eſteem, will find Fault with them, they preſume, on that account.

But as for their Sins both of *Omiſſion* and *Commiſſion*, to ſpeak in the Language of ſome people who will be *Angry* with them, they are *Manifold*, yea *Multifarious*; The *Authors* have theirs, the *Bookſeller* ought to be call'd in queſtion for *his*, and they queſtion not but from the peruſal of his own, the *Printer* will not be angry if he comes in for a ſhare of the *Publick Cenſure*.

As for the firſt, every one that is acquainted with *Affairs* of two Months ſtanding, will atteſt that if they are *Poets*, they will ſcarce be

be *Red-Letter'd* Men in Mr. *Partridge's Diary*, alias *Almanack*, on account of being *Prophets*. The Miſcarriages in ſome Places where they have been almoſt certain of Succeſs, will be everlaſting Witneſſes againſt 'em, and what has ſince happen'd in one part of *Spain* and *Italy*, is a ſufficient Evidence that they knew the Meaning of the Heavens no more, than thoſe that read 'em know their's, for attempting the Spirit of *Prophecy*.

Tho' the ſame *Providence* that ſeems to acquit the Buſineſs at *Cadiz*, comes in for their Juſtification; and they that had been undone for Fortune-Tellers but for the Lucky *Accident* at *Vigo*, would have been almoſt in the ſame Condition with thoſe that came from it, but they wanted Courage to come in for part of the *Plunder*. But Gold and Silver

are

are Things Foreign to *Authors* and Lace Coats, and Glorious Snuff Boxes, were never reckon'd a Kin to their Bodies or Fingers.

The *ſecond*, which is the *Book-ſeller*, whom *Authors* are Tender of Diſobliging, ſhould have his Faults too made known to the *Publick*, but they may have Occaſion for him again, and Men of his *Profeſſion* are often Serviceable to 'em, wherefore they leave him to the Mercy of his Jury, and whatever Twelve Honeſt Men ſhall Decide in his Favour, they ſhall be Joyful to Acquieſce in it.

The *third* and *laſt*, which is the *Printer*, ſhould be left to the ſame Treatment, but the Reader will think 'em Partial from the many Erratas which abound in the Body of this Volume, ſhould they ſpeak him Guiltleſs; what they have to ſay in his Behalf, is,

That

That the Man is an honeſt Man, has the Name of a Man of Senſe amongſt his Neighbours, and did not ſuffer any thing to eſcape the *Preſs* without a due Correction, they durſt be ſworn for it. But the World is to give their Judgment of him, not they, and ſo they entirely leave him to what the World thinks of him.

It might be expected that they ſhould plead Guilty for ſome *Paſſages*, and cry *Peccavimus*, that they ſhould fall Foul on thoſe that have Written after the ſame Method *before* 'em, and are now Buſied in writing *after* 'em, but thoſe that Read 'em for that purpoſe will find themſelves Miſtaken, and whatever *Provocations* ſome amongſt the Bookſelling Trade may have given 'em, it is their Deſign to Act as Gentlemen *hereafter*, as they hope they have Acted *now*.

What

What Remains, is to beg Excuſe for the Letters between the King of *Spain* and the Duke of *Burgundy*, and if the *Author* has been too haſty in Surrendring *Cadiz* before the Gariſon could be brought to beat the *Chamade*, or Fort *Matagorda* was Taken, it muſt be imputed to his *Good Wiſhes* which were too quick, and outran a *Good Event*.

To Inſtance in one *Particular*; if theſe Letters in General have not that *Poignancy* of Wit, as ſome that have been in the *Preſs* theſe Twelve Months laſt paſt, they are leſs Obvious on account of their Title to the *Publick Remarks*, ſince it's ſomething more eaſy to make the *Living* Epiſtolize one another, than to have a Correſpondence with the *Dead*.

Let the *French Author* take the Glory that belongs to the Precedent he has given thoſe Worthy Gentlemen;

men; the Perſons Concern'd in this Collection do not in the leaſt Envy it him, being well ſatisfied, if they do not come up to him in Strength of *Imagination*, they Surpaſs him in that of *Nature* which next to the Readers Satisfaction, is all they lay their Schemes for.

Reformation.

REFORMATION.

THE

Parſon of *P—pl—r*,

TO A

CITY-KNIGHT,

For ſome years ſince one of the Elect, *but now under a State of* Reprobation.

Right Worſhipful Knight and Alderman,

HAVING heard of your Diſappointment, and the Concern you lie under for the ill Succeſs of your late Negotiations in the City; I could not but think my ſelf oblig'd as a Spiritual Adviſer to adminiſter ſome Conſolatory Phyſick to you, in order to keep you from Deſpair that are the very Head, Heart and Lungs of the *Party*, which would ſoon loſe the Name

of being *Sound*, ſhould exceſs of Grief impair your Conſtitution, or your accuſtom'd Health give way to the approaches of Melancholy which is it's greateſt Enemy.

Take heart of Oak, I ſay, as ſeveral of your Brethren have done before you, and for this once (I beſeech you no more for the ſake of Godlineſs) ſet before you the Example of thoſe who have Chiefly oppos'd you. For Inſtance, how often has Sr. *S—D—d* been repuls'd in li Attempts at the Mayoralty in the late Reign? How many have jump'd o're his Head and left him below the Chair? yet neither has he deſiſted from his Pretenſions, nor been ſo inconſiderate in his Reſolves as to give himſelf up for loſt, or to reſign his Claim of Right to an Honour, which his Continuance in oppoſing us in all Probability will one day advance him to.

Sir *Jonathan R*— indeed like a Man of more Phlegm than Judgment, more Paſſion than Politicks, flung off his Gown, and bid you chuſe whom you would to ride a Horſe-back with the Brotherhood, for his Part he would have no more Converſation with a Body of Sinners, that neither ſtood up for old Laws,

Laws, nor were Obſervers of old Cuſtoms in giving the Precedency to the eldeſt Alderman. But this Gentleman was much in the wrong of it as to his favouring the Church Party by it. They loſt a Member by the Bargain, while as I take it, *Sir would be thought ſome Body*, jump'd into his Place, and ſtrengthen'd ours by the Acceſſion of a Member who was never backward in talking for us, but as buſie as a Bee, and a perpetual Advocate and Solicitor for us and the Government than in being.

Oh! Comfort your ſelf dear, Sir *R*—— with the Succeſs that attends his Accompliſhments, and abate of your Sorrows for your own loſs at the thoughts of his Advancement. *Perſeverance*, yea, an *Obſtinate Perſeverance* in the *Faith* which you have hitherto bravely adher'd to, in the *Doctrines* you and your Worſhipful Brethren have approv'd of from my mouth, and atteſted your thanks in Print for; in the *Reſolutions* you have formerly been a Stickler for: This invaluable Gift of *Perſeverance*, will change Matters for the better, and in time ſo alter the very Conſtitution of things ſo as to bring 'em once more to your Purpoſe.

If you would ſuffer a Man that has eaten Cuſtard for ſome years laſt paſt with the Mayors of *London*, for being Maſter of this *Incomparable Receipt*, this grand *Elixir* for Men of ſober Intellectuals, to adviſe you, I ſay, if you will take honeſt *Joſhua*'s word, who never took any Pariſhioners, but was always for the ready Penny, not a Preſcription in the world is able to Vye with this refreſhing *Cordial*: This obſtinate and irreſiſtable Draught of *Perſeverance* will accompliſh your Expectations, and bring you to the Poſſeſſion of what you are at preſent to ſeek for.

Think of me, Sir, for I imagine I make no inconſiderable Figure in the world both in my Intellectual, and perſonal Appearance; if it had not been for this wholeſome Doctrine I had as ſoon joſtled my ſelf into an Archiepiſcopal See, as had this piece of Lute-ſtring hanging down each ſide of me. I durſt, have ſworn my Nameſake of *Greſham Colledge*, that inſtead of handling Scotch-cloth, now fall's a ſhaking of Urinals had been a Prince to me, ev'n in his firſt Occupation, were it not for my Permanence and Conſtancy in purſuit of thoſe Reſolutions, which I always follow'd and adher'd to. Had

Had I ne're oppos'd *Paſſive Obedience*, never preach'd up for *Reſiſting the Powers*, never ſtood to my Text in decrying the very *Ordinances* of a Church, I was a pretended *Member* of; never continued ſiding with the Enemies of the *Hierarchy*, nor oppos'd the *Divine Authority* of Kings at the ſame time as I own'd one whoſe Authority was queſtion'd, of *God's Appointment*; where had been my *Gifts* and *Admirers*, my *Tankards* and *Silver Spoons*, my *Fiocho* and *Title of* D. D. to ſtamp an Imprimatur on my Sermons; my *Recommendations* as *Chaplain in Ordinary* to the Society of *Reformers*, my *Lectures* and *Preferments*? Alas no where! I tremble to think of it, I muſt have written my ſelf another *Luke Millbourn*, and carry'd all the Tokens of my high Deſerts in being a plain *Presbyter of the Church of England.*

But now it comes in my Head, the Miniſters who then ſate at the Helm were all, or for the Generality, Gentlemen of my own Principles, I withſtood no Perſecutions; was afraid of no Fire or Faggot, and had no Martyrdom in View to put me out of Love with the Doctrines I made ſuch a Stir about, ſo that it's no great matter whether I inſiſt any more

on my ſelf for an Example of that Excellent Virtue which I have propos'd to your Imitation and Practice.

We that are Diſpenſers of the Word, and ſell Divinity by Retale, muſt have ſome regard to our Bodies as well as Souls, and I ſhall not deviate from moſt of my Brethren the Clergy; if I keep a little Mental Reſervation to my ſelf, and make my Court to the Religion that has now got the upper hand of us; if I pretendedly joyn with thoſe People that ſtand up for the Decency of *wearing the Surplice*, and praiſing the Lord with *loud tuned Inſtruments*: I may come to be a Biſhop by thoſe means, and then, Sir, you cannot but know, that the greater Figure I make in the Church, I am enabled, and have it in my Power to do the greater harm. I can ſtill under the Roſe adviſe with hir'd Conſtables, give a Bleſſing to the *Righteous* undertakings of Informers, and converſe ſecretly with the Diſaffected that are remov'd from the Lieutenancy, notwithſtanding all this; and my Hypocriſie will infallibly be of more Service to the Cauſe, than my *Integrity*, ſince I diſgrace the Church Eſtabliſh'd by taking it's Habit, and reading it's Liturgy, only to ſerve my ſelf. And

I

I widen the Diviſions that are form'd againſt her, by the private Cabals I enter into with her moſt profeſs'd Enemies.

But you, Moſt honour'd Patron, are arriv'd at your Zenith of Power, and your Wealth ſo prodigiouſly great can ſcarce ſuffer an Increaſe, as you Act in another Sphere; ſo your Actions may have a quite contrary Motion. You that are Equal to the greateſt Nobleman now Living, may take the ſame Liberty, and publickly ſhew your ſelf a Murmurer, a Republican; a Small-Beer Churchman, a Predeſtinarian or what you pleaſe, and though you have not been Preordain'd to ſerve in Parliament for the Year 1702, may keep to your old cut Sleeve appearance, and ſtand up for Doctrines you have ſtrenuouſly aſſerted in ſome Reigns.

Succeſs is not always the Attendant of the Wiſe, nor is the beſt Man breathing certain to be Fortunate in ev'ry Undertaking; your Worſhip had your ſhare of the blind Goddeſſe's Diſtributions, and you are not to Repine at the Diſcontinuance of her Favours. St. *Auſtin*, *Aquinas*, and the reſt of the Father's and Schoolmen, give Advice to the contrary. Perhaps, you'll ſay, what are the Father's

and Schoolmen to a Son of Pen, Ink and Parchment? Or what Communion is there between a rich Man, and a parcel of Lean hungry Camelions that liv'd upon the Air of Faith, and were of a Religion contrary to what you make Profeſſion of? Upon my Veracity, I forgot, Sir, they were Papiſts, mere down right Sons of Anti-chriſt; but forgetfulneſs I hope, is not among the unpardonable Sins, if it was, woe be to me, that have often forgot my ſelf to be a Church of *England* Man, nay ſometimes a very Chriſtian, and to go farther, have forgot that I had a W—— at home, which is the hardeſt thing poſſible to be forgotten, and which is a Man's chiefeſt Remembrancer, amidſt the Diſputes which I held amongſt the Females for their *Converſion*, and *Admiſſion* into the Congregation of *True Believers*.

But I need not enforce the Doctrine of *Perſeverance* any longer to a Gentleman of your Kidney and Perſwaſion; I refer you to *Baxter* and *Bunyan*, to put you in Mind of the Cauſe you are Embarqu'd in, and which, muſt inevitably be caſt away without your utmoſt Endeavours who ſit at the Helm to preſerve it. You are the Hopes of the Party; though you have lately been Baulk'd of your own

Expecta-

Expectations; the very *Brutus* of the Republick to Eſtabliſh it upon it's wonted Foundation.

It's agreed by all Hands, that Riches are the Sinews of War, and they muſt be expended when the common Neceſſities require it. Open your Heart, your Heart then, and wear out your Purſe-ſtrings, by continually drawing 'em. A Bond or two will do the Buſineſs, and half of one of your deepeſt Mortgages will bring things infallibly to bear againſt the next Election. Whiſper about your charitable Intentions by your Emiſſary's tell 'em you'll build Pallaces like a certain Brother of yours, and keep to our old Maxim, that Treats make the moſt Proſelytes, and I'll lay my Perſonage to an Aſſembly's Catechiſm, that we ſhall get the Day at the firſt opportunity.

In the mean time, whether I *Faſt* or *Feaſt* amongſt the Society of *Reformers*, whether I whiſper Sedition at *Dick's* or *Garraway's*, whether I am made Chair-man at a Chriſtening or Marriage; or put on a Melancholy appearance, as chief Comforter to the Diſconſolate at a Burial; the ſum of my Diſcourſe ſhall be tending towards the Promotion of your Temporal Concerns, as for thoſe that are Spiritual,

ritual, I muſt deal freely with you, they cannot be much amended by ſuch an Unworthy Sinner, as is

Your Servant,

Reformation.

The Knights Anſwer.

By the ſame Hand.

Doctor,

AFTER my Thanks for your Advice, and the Concern you ſeem to have for my not being Elected, I cannot but ſend you word I have long ſince been Maſter of that Obſtinacy, you take upon you to preſcribe to me; and from the Day of my C——m, or the Night which you pleaſe, to this very Minute, have done nothing that made the leaſt Appearance to the contrary. I begun to hate King *Charles* the Second from the firſt hour, I heard he was in Love with my W—, and ask any one that has had any

any knowledge of me ſince, if I have not continued it down, to thoſe that bear his Name to this very Day. I told the Parſon of the Pariſh where my Country Houſe ſtands, who came to Condole with me t'other day, that he was Popiſhly affected for offering to ſpeak in the Praiſe of the Religion that has got the Upper-hand, and if I had not been afraid the Fellow would have complain'd, and made me leave my Eſtate behind me, would have ſaid as much of the Queen; but I had the Gift of Continence, and I thank my own Prudence for it, I can tell over my Money every day, and whatever ſhift I have made to get it, can ſay Poſſeſſion is eleven Points of the Law, and have Courage enough to affirm, that I came honeſtly enough by it, and that ev'ry individual piece of Money is my own.

Certainly good Doctor, your Reverend Noddle is ſomething forgetful, and you have been troubled with a *Vertigo* in the Brain, or you might remember what a Buſtle I made about the City Charter, what Caballs I form'd againſt the *Quo Warranto*, not out of Love to the City; for your Man that deſigns to be Rich can Love no one but himſelf; but out of perfect Hatred to the King who

who then Reign'd; and how buſie I was to Form Parties againſt the Court Intereſt. King *James* had no more of my Affections than his Brother, and I was ſo violent in my Diſobedience to him, that my Brother *Ward* and I thought it high time to croſs the Water; and Viſit *Hogan Mogan* to eat Sea-Cod and Pickled Herring, leſt our Mouths ſhould be put out of Taſt here, or rather for fear our Heads ſhould have been exalted amongſt the Brethren's that kept Guard upon *London-Bridge*, and our Mouths ſhould be no otherwiſe employ'd than in being made Neſts for Flyes to breed in.

The Dutch can bear me Witneſs, that during my ſtay there, I was not idle in paying my Reſpects to the Family of the *Stuart's*, and in Particular to that Branch of it that ſuffer'd me to make my Eſcape unpuniſh'd, when he had it in his Power to intercept me. I was ſtill whiſpering in their Ears how eaſily Presbytery might be Eſtabliſh'd in *England*, and what a trifle of an Undertaking it would be, to make it a Common-wealth, and hold it's Dependency from the *Seven Provinces*; I extoll'd their Rebellion, and unnatural

Defection

Defection from their lawful Soveraigns, and made it as clear as the Sun from my Book of Accounts, that Antimonarchists were the only Men that were able to get Money; and make a Nation happy. In short, neither Prayers or Entreaties were wanting on my part, and I cry'd out Fire where there was no Smoke, in order to call the Mob together and prepare 'em for a Mutiny. I can tell you thus much for my self, I was reckon'd no Starter amongst the Burgomasters; and I had many a Merchant with a Dukes Coronet on his Coach, that came to Consult with me about the proper'st Place to Land in. People may talk as long they please of a general Invitation from the Nobility and Gentry; but I know how Matters would have stood to this very Day, had not I bestir'd my self to a Miracle, and engag'd for some Friends of mine in the West, who had borrow'd Money at fourteen *per Cent.* of me, to Assist the then Prince of *Orange.*

And yet it seems, I stand in need of being recommended to make that my Practice, which I have constantly adher'd to from the Date of my B d-fell-'s Incontinency. *O Tempora, O Mores!* May I never finger Guinea or Pistole again, if it was not beneath the Gravity of a City Magistrate

Magiſtrate to fall into a Paſſion, I could be down right Angry with you. But your Zeal for the Cauſe has got the better of your Diſcretion; and I cannot well fall out with a Man of your Principles. Prithee keep your Temper for the future, and make uſe of thoſe *Decorums* of Speech that are due to one of my Character. I am not at all leſſen'd in my Opinion of you! for your Intentions to play the Hypocrite. That excellent Virtue was Coin'd on purpoſe for the uſe of the Clergy, and was a *Noſtrum* peculiar to the Gentlemen of your Cloth, till the Lay-Citizens thought you were overſtock'd with a Commodity of that Nature, and broke in upon you, and ſhar'd in common with you.

Religion is not the thing that I inſiſt upon; Revenge is the Motive that puſhes me forward to ſupport a Cauſe that at preſent is under ſo many Diſappointments; and though I could not gain the Ends I propos'd to my ſelf, I have put the Church Party to an unneceſſary trouble, and that's a Matter which mightily adds to my Conſolation under my preſent want of Succeſs, I would not be quiet till I had a Scrutiny, and ſince I have had it, I cannot be eaſie under the Advantages the three Knights

that

that oppos'd us have had over us. As I hope to ſhew my Teeth ſome years longer, and be malicious all the days of my Life, not one falſe Voice to be found on their ſide, while our ſcabby Liſt had a World flung out for rotten Sheep in it.

However, you ſhall find no reaſon to doubt my Aſſiduity: do you but continue Preaching to bring over the ſtray'd Flock; and I'll warrant, I'll find Money to Treat 'em; let the Government take Notice if they pleaſe; None but poor Dogs are hang'd, and I'll warrant you ſome Courtier or other notwithſtanding the Queen's late Declaration, will think my Money as good and paſſable as any of my Predeceſſors of tumultuous Memory. As for my two Fellow Candidates, never fear them; I'll give my word for their being good Men, and hearty to reſtore things to their Primitive Conſtitution. One ſit's at home in his Countrey Houſe, and fall's out with Mr. *Sin Denye* his Chaplain ev'ry Foot, becauſe his Prayers could not prevail to keep him in his Collonel's Poſt. To'ther has lengthen'd out his Prayers to the meaſure of his own Ell, in hopes to call down ſome Judgment on the Head of his Adverſaries like *Baals* Prieſts; and like them call's out to

no

no Purpoſe. *Woes me*, ſays that In-offenſive Commander, good Sir W——, *I ſhall never be call'd handſome Man again at the Head of my Regiment, and what a God's name muſt be done with my fine Stone-horſe, that us'd to Kick and Curvet with me along the Streets; and I am nothing but a Plain* L-n--n Dr--p--r, again crys Sir. *T*--and the Devil-a-bit muſt I be rendred Famous again for making Breaches in Veniſon Paſteys, or ſignalize my Activity in demoliſhing Gooſeberry Tarts or Cuſtards, or ſhew my Valour in ſlaughtering cold Fowls: Now for ſome Church of *England* Plot or other, we muſt make one our ſelves for 'em, or we have no other hopes ever to come into Play again.

Believe me, *Levite*, ſuch words as theſe are no bad *Items* of their Diſſatisfaction, and that Party can never be accounted inconſiderable that hath three ſuch Collonels at the Head of it. As for my own Part, the remembrance of King *Charles* his inviting himſelf to my Houſe, will ſtick by me, while there is a Horn to be ſeen in the *New Foreſt*; and I dare engage for my two Fellow Sufferers, They'll ſtand to the Text, as long as *Wavel* has Permiſſion to Preach at *Pinners Hall*,

Hall, or *Diſſenters* gather together in *Jewin-ſtreet*, or at *London-ſtone*, which I pray may be ever, and am perſwaded a Man of your Unſuperſtitious Countenance will not be wanting in ſaying a long *Amen*, to

Your's, &c.

Sing-ſong Tigellius *the Undone*, *the Unfortunate* Tigellius, *to his Brethren at* Will's Coffee-Houſe.

By *T*-- *C*-- Eſq;

WAS ever ſuch Damn'd Fortune? May every thing I write be Hiſs'd to Eternity, if I am not the verieſt Block-head this Day upon Earth. I muſt pick up a Whore t'other day, with a Pox to her, muſt I? as if *Muſidora* was not Wh—— enough a Conſcience to ſerve my Turn. Oh! Sir's, I am loſt for ever! what do I ſay, I am loſt? No, ſomething of ten times the value of your poor Diſconſolate Brother is gone, I am

afraid beyond Redemption. A Side-*Box-Maſque*, a *Peſtilence* take her, muſt needs launch out in the praiſe of my Lanthorn-Jaws, commend my *Williamite* Noſe, pretend a great Veneration for my Underſtanding, and I in return make the beſt of my way to the *Fleete*, with this Felonious Numerical Creature in my hand, and up one Pair of Stairs by way of Return to her Complement, I give her a Salute upon the Back of a Chair, and loſe my Pocket Book? *And what of all this ſtir about ſuch a Trifle*, Perhaps ſome amongſt you may ſay? *There were no Mortgages, no Bills, or Bonds, and Judgments in it, but a parcel of* Memorandum's *like that of the Sieur* B—— *(who like you Commands one of Her Majeſty's Sixth Rate Poetical Frigates) where nothing elſe is Pen'd down, than where ſuch a Lady of Pleaſure keeps her Place of Abode, and by which of her Names ſhe will pleaſe to receive a Viſit from you at the time appointed.*

But you are all in the wrong of it; I dread to ſpeak it, never Man loſt ſuch a parcel of choice Sentences all at once, in the twinkling of an Eye, ſince the Creation. All the witty Sayings that the Beaux at *White*'s, or St. *James*'s Chocolate Houſe ever utt'red, all the Pith that ever fell from your

your Aſſembly, all the Marrow of Diſcourſe from *Garraway's* to the *Rainbow*, every material Pun or Quibble that ever drop'd from the mouth of *Swan* or *Daniel Purcel*, are loſt, Irretrievably loſt for my uſe; and this Female *Goth*, this abominable *Vandal*, has by diving into my accurſed Pocket, that had no more than Three and Sixpence in it, to ſtay her Stomach, made a *Second* Irruption into the Seat of the Liberal Arts and Sciences, and carry'd away Ingenuity like her old Forefathers of unlucky Memory along with her.

A *Vandal* ſhe muſt be that's for certain, one that had ſuck'd in an Averſion to Learning with her Mother's Milk, or ſhe had before this time reſtor'd this excellent Treaſure, this grand Repoſitory, and Magazine of all that was needful by way of Speech, or agreeable by way of writing. *Wicherley's*, *Congreve's*, *Cheek's*, *Dennis's*, *Titcomb's*, *Sackvill's*, and all the fine Flouriſhes, I bought the Book a purpoſe for, are hurried out of my Remembrance; and how the Devil I can ſubſiſt any more, being now left upon my own Bottom, I can't tell for the heart of me. Who will, may write Plays for me for the future; I can't make Brick

without Straw, no more than the Children of *Israel*, and muſt ſhut up Shop having loſt my Materials, and been depriv'd of thoſe neceſſary Aſſiſtances, I have all along made uſe of. This Brain of mine, is a Brain of no ſhort ſtanding, has had a long time to evaporate, Gentlemen, and I am ſomewhat ſtricken in years, the Women tell me, and there muſt needs be a Decay amidſt the Animal Spirits after a Man has got the upper hand of Fifty. Conſider likewiſe how many Volumes go under my Name, what a number of Rheams the Paſtry Cooks have taken off my Bookſellers hands, and how ſerviceable I have been to the Publick, in making 'em *Merry* with my *Funeral* Poems, and *Sleepy* at the Rehearſal of my *Comick* ſtrains, and you will think your ſelves ſomewhat oblig'd to ſtand by me with your Auxiliary Intellectuals, and prop up a Falling Member of your flouriſhing Society, with thoſe Supporters of Converſation that are neceſſary to keep up his Head above water.

Suppoſe I ſhould go and Sing a Song or two to ſome Courtier or other, for Heav'n know's, that is the only way of utterance that is left me, in order to procure

procure Her Majesty's Letters Patent for a General Collection. Many a pretended Conflagration has not deserv'd a *Brief* half so much as I do, and though my Poetical Fire has not been over furious, yet in burning upwards of Thirty years together, it cannot but be accounted very Destructive. In short, whether you are Wits or no Wits, Physicians or no Physicians, Play-wrights or no Play-wrights, Gamesters or no Gamesters, You have giv'n one another the Title of such, and must stand by what is of your own Creation. Poor *Tigellius* makes his humble Request to you, that the Dog-days may have some Effect on you, and melt you into some compassionate Resolution in his Favour. Your Brains must needs drip this hot Weather, if they have any Moisture in 'em; and certainly you will not refuse me the Benefit of ev'ry sorry Cook, to skim up the Fat to Lard my lean Expressions with.

Contribute largely dear Sirs, or my Loss will be irreparable, for I had glean'd every Coffee-House where a Jest was to be found, and taken Notes from every Tavern that had either quick Repartee, or pat Question heard in it, I had solicited every Dealer in Verse for a Simile, and

made my Addreſſes to every individual Pretender to Senſe, for an Offal or two, a Caſt Scrap of Latin to ſet me up amongſt the Claſs of the Learned, and make me look ſomething bigger than thoſe that keep Company with the Minor Poets, at the *Roſe* Coffee-Houſe. But alas to what Purpoſe? My Friends had ſcarce equip'd me; but this Bane to Society, this Female Rapparee, this Bitch of a *Barbarian* engages me, win's the Field, takes my Cannon and marches off with my Bag and Baggage, my Three and Sixpence, and my *Ammunition* and *Proviſion Book.*

The very Thought of it is inſupportable, and I am ready to die for Grief at the mention of it. Alas! Poor *Tigellius*! not four and twenty hours ſince, he had his *Ipſe Dixit*, was furniſh'd with *Facta eſt Alea*, was Maſter of his *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, to have recourſe to, to prove him a Scholar; and *Probatum eſt* to aſſiſt him in his Controverſies with his Land-Lady, and now he's without ſo much as a Morſel of Latin, or for the Vulgar to ſwallow, or to bring him into Repute by it's appearance on the Title Page. And what adds even to his extreameſt Sorrow, his Works which have been

ſubſcrib'd

ſubſcrib'd to by the Nobility and Gentry, if ever he ſhould get Money enough to pay for Paper and Print, which he very much doubts, after this Diſappointment, muſt ſhew themſelves naked to the Eyes of the World without a Motto, without a Recommendation from ſome old Heathen Author or other to ſpeak in their Behalf. Judge therefore whether it would be for the Honour of the Stage, or the good of the Commonwealth of Poetry, that a Perſon who has ſo often ſignaliz'd himſelf on it, has had the Courage to engage with Mr. *Collier*, and huff Religion out of Doors, ſhould be brought to ſuch a low Ebb, as to be diſabled for the future from riſing any higher, than *Jillian of Croyden*, or the *Weſtern Laſs*; notwithſtanding he has always profeſſed himſelf,

Your Servant and Fellow-Tenant,

of Parnaſſus,

Sing-ſong Tigellius.

The Answer.

By the ſame Hand.

WE receiv'd Your's, and after an hour or two's Debate it was carried in the Affirmative, that you might have Liberty to come amongſt us, and Cull out any Sentence that ſhould be moſt fitting for your Purpoſe, and moſt likely to repair your late Loſs; though you will hardly have the Succeſs you may propoſe to your ſelf from it; unleſs you are for drawing the Character of Sir *H*—*D*—*C*— with a Box and Dice in his hand, or enlightening your Underſtanding with the Terms at Pickquet, or *Ombre*; for the Times are Elaps'd now, in which we Cenſur'd the *Ancients*, and call'd the *Moderns* to account. We have a ſour Fellow or two indeed with us, that get into a Corner by themſelves; and Arraign ev'ry Body's Works at the Bar, but thoſe of their own Complexion. Had they any Money they would play at Cards and Dice too; but

but it's no Wonder to ſee Criticks Penny-leſs, when the Poets themſelves that furniſh 'em with Subjects make it appear that *Parnaſſus* has no Alliance with *Mexico* and *Peru*.

A Plague take the ſtuttering Dog, let him Travel to recruit his Wit as I have done, ſaid Good-natur'd Mr. *D*—, and if he has ſuch an Ambition for Scraps of Latin, go fetch 'em from whence the Language firſt took it's Riſe: are we oblig'd to ſet up every broken Fellow that would never Thrive if he had the *Vatican* in his Pocket? Why Latin? ſay's an old Crony of his, and who is always *Scratching* him to be *Scratch'd* again, the Purity of that Tongue is extinct, and *French* in my Opinion has got the upper-hand of it: Methinks, our Neighbour, might venture to make uſe of a flouriſh in *Greek*, and I could be his humble Servant, having my ſelf taken upon me to tranſlate *Anacreon*, without being found out for one that did not underſtand him. In fine good Brother *Tig*, every Creature amongſt us has paſt Sentence upon your Misfortunes; ſome have given their Opinion; that is, thoſe who could not, but would be thought capable of aſſiſting you, that you was a Maſter

ſter of ſuch an invincible Ignorance, ſuch an irrefragable Stupidity, as not to have the Faculty of digeſting what ſhould be intended for your Inſtruction: Others drop'd many a witty thing to be inſerted in your next *Common Place* Book, and your old Friend Mr.—— was as full of Pitty; and as Communicative as ever *China Ware* and *Muzlin* could make him. I have it, I have it, ſay's a certain red Fac'd Acquaintance of yours, this comes of Whoring, I'll chaſtiſe him after the Divine *Horace* his way of Expreſſing himſelf, and put him in mind of keeping Company with young Women;

Maturo Propior Deſine Funeri
Interludere Virgines,

And was about to go on with it, till he was told you did not love *Porter*'s Work, and that your light finger'd Harlot was a *Covent Garden* Offender, with a *White Chappel* Virginity.

When in comes Mr. *B*——*n*, and having perus'd your lamentable Epiſtle takes Pen in hand, and after writing down ſome Conſolatory Motto's for your Relief, bewail's your Misfortunes in the following Lines.

Is then Unhappy Tigel *broke,*
And rob'd of ev'ry Pritty Joke
By Bitch that Div'd into his Poke,
The Plagues of Ægypt *take her.*

Conjunction, Adverb, Preposition,
Help him in this Forlorn Condition,
And Act the Part of a Physician
To save the Ballad Maker.

Pitty to the poor Soul afford,
Who must no more Address my Lord,
Or sit down at my Lady's Board,
If not reliev'd in Distress;

For to be serious and be Brief;
This Mortal of a false Belief,
Had not the Wit to know a Thief
From a delicious Mistress.

Who like a Jilting Harlot took
Possession of his Pocket Book,
As with a Cursed whorish Look,
On Turkey Chair *she laid her.*

And

And hopeing Bond and Bill, and Note,
Would buy new Gown and Petticoat,
Kept S—ing on like any Stoat,
As good old Nicholas *made her.*

Stop Thief ye Sons of Phœbus *Cry,*
And ſearch about as well as I,
If you can any way eſpy
This Sinner, falſe and Cruel.

That of inſatiable Deſire,
Tho' warm'd and heated by his Fire,
March'd off from the Poetick Squire,
And carry'd off his Fuel.

As for the Præmium *you'l Enjoy,*
Each, Man, or Woman, Girl, or Boy;
If Fortune don't his Hopes deſtroy;
By chance that lights upon her.

Shall be rewarded I dare ſay,
When e're he writes another Play,
Or has full Audience on Third Day;
As he's a Man of Honour.

Perhaps

Perhaps ſome People may Deſpair,
Of Recompence, that ſuit's their Care
And probably the Search forbear;
Becauſe I *give* my *Word for him.*

But Tigel *has a Soul God knows,*
Above his humble Verſe, or Proſe,
As may be Gather'd from his Clothes,
I'll ſay that and a Turd for him.

Whoever therefore ſhall diſcover
This Jilting Baggage of a Lover,
That Juſtice Pike *may bind her Over,*
To appear before her Betters.

Shall have as good a Gift as can
Be given for a Hurridan,
By any moderate ſort of Man;
Like him a Man of Letters.

The Three and Sixpence is their own,
Provided he or ſhe make known
What Place, or Corner of the Town,
Or Ally, Street, or Nook Sirs.

Contains

Contains his Magazine of Senſe,
And Troth I'll ſwear without Offence,
Could I once Finger but the Pence;
The De'el might take the Book Sirs.

How you may reliſh your Friends Engliſhwe cannot tell, but you muſt needs approve of the Latine, he has deſir'd us to encloſe with it, eſpecially ſince you will ſo readily underſtand it. *Nequid Nimis*, and *Ne plus ultra* are two excellent *Memorandums* for your Conſolation under your immoderate Grief, and there is nothing like *Omnia Vincit amor*, to excuſe the Occaſions of your Loſs, and mollifie the Cenſure you may fall under, for giving way to your luſtful Deſires. Woman's Fleſh is highly approv'd at our Choiceſt Entertainments, and there is not one Perſon among our whole Set, except Two or Three that are Clap't, and a ſuperannuated Fornicator, but holds you Excus'd, and forgives you from his very Soul!

But Dear *Tigel*; look to your Pockets, with more Circumſpection for the future, for ev'ry individual Wit amongſt us

us grows older and older ev'ry day, and you and the reſt of the Hangers on, that are perpetually Teizing the Fraternity for Supplys, have ſqueez'd us ſo dry that we ſhall be altogether Exhauſted, and ſhall not have a Witty Saying left us, to divert us at Cards, if you come ſo hard upon us.

What you have by this Poſt will ſerve you for ſome time: no matter for the Subſcription Book of your Works, you are not the firſt that has play'd the Wiſeman in putting upon thoſe that had *Money*, ſince you had *None*, and getting a Couple of *Guinea's* apeice from a Parcel of rich Noblemen can never ariſe to *High Treaſon.*

We applaud you for that excellent Contrivance, and who knows but you may be admitted as a Sharer in our Society, could you think of another to match it, and once more gain the good Opinion of,

Your Friends to Serve you, &c.

A. B. C. D.

Clement

Clement *the* Pope *to the* Doge, *and* Republick *of* Venice.

By *J*-- *S*-- Eſq;

Moſt Serene Son and Republick,

WE receiv'd your's by the hands of your *Ambaſſador*, and are extremely concern'd at the Contents of it. As we never were ſparing of our Fatherly Benediction; ſo we ſhall not be wanting in our Advice to ſupport the Grandeur of ſo flouriſhing a Republick. We our ſelves, notwithſtanding our boaſted Infallibility have been at our Wits end, how to behave our ſelves at this Juncture, and it was Ten to one but our Holyneſs had declar'd in Favour of one ſide or t'other, had not *Cardinal Fourbin*, and *Count Lamberg* been equally preſſing to us on the Part of their reſpective *Maſters*, and threatned us with *Fire* and *Sword* in oppoſition to our *Bell*, *Book*, and *Candle*, ſhould

we take Reſolutions contrary to their ſeveral Intereſts.

We muſt Confeſs indeed the *French* King had ſhewn himſelf ſuch a true Son of the Church by his Treatment of the *Hugenots*; and his ſincere Endeavours to bring 'em over to the Profeſſion of our Holy Faith, that he could not but lean towards his ſide, and be much inclin'd to receive his Grandſon's Pad-Nag, but that *Termagant* of a *German Miniſter*, has put us into ſuch a Fright by his Threats, that not a Soul about us can talk of a *Jennet*, but we are *Fallible* and ready to drop out of our *Apoſtolical Chair*.

However Reports tell us, the *French* and *Spaniards* in *Italy* are much Superior in number to the *Imperialiſts*, and the Practice of the World cautions us not to break with the ſide that is ſtrongeſt. It behoves us therefore, while we are not in a Condition to Act as we *Would*, to do as we *Can*, and Diſſemble our Reſentment till a fitting Occaſion puts it in our Power to ſhew it. It muſt be acknowledg'd, the *French* Demean themſelves very ſcurvily in your Seas, and

carry it very haughtily, notwithstanding your *Memorials* at the *Court* of *Versailes*. But you are to Consider, how near they are to your Territories by Land, as well as Sea, and how ready they are to lay hold on the first Opportunity that Offer's it self, for their Advantage. *Lewis* XIV. is more Knave than Fool, if you'll take our Sacerdotal Word, and 'tis not long since he frighted one of our *Holy Predeceſſors* into a Fit of an *Appoplexy*, on Account of his Resolution to assert the *Rights* of the *Gallican Church*.

Alas, Most serene *Doge* and noble Senators, ev'ry Man breathing ought to have a tender Respect for his own Flesh; and we live in an Age where *Martyrdom* is grown out of Date, especially amongst the *Clergy* of our *Profession*. *Bombs*, and *Red-hot-Balls* are things Irresistible, and our *Episcopal Bullets* at *Avignion*, are of more strength and Force than our *Bulls* from the *Vatican*. We must disguise our Thoughts till some Advantage on either side gives us Leave to explain 'em, and its our Advice, that you make use of *Remonstrances* instead of repelling Force by force, till the *Imperialists*

perialiſt are on the ſtrongeſt ſide of the Hedge, and the *Engliſh* Fleet rides at Anchor in the *Mediterranean.*

We can ſcarce name thoſe *Heretick*s without the extreameſt Grief, we dream of 'em ev'ry Night, and ſigh at the very Thoughts of 'em ev'ry Moment. How happy were our Anceſtors before that Rebel to the *Roman* See, *Henry* VIIIth. ſhook off our *Supremacy*, and deſpis'd the Commands of our Sacred Colledge. Our *Anathema's* have ſince not *been* Regarded, and our *Piſcatorial Signet* has been of no more effect, than an ordinary Man's *Cypher.*

We could Curſe 'em to the Bottomleſs Pit; but the Infidels have no Opinion of *Church Damnation*, and are confounded Dogs at handing their *Swords* and *Muſquets.* We have done what we could ſince our Election to the Chair, have ſent *Nuncio's* to all *Catholick* Prince's Courts, have perſwaded 'em to confederate amongſt themſelves, and forget their own private Deſſentions, to bring our Communion into that Nation, by reſtoring their Abdicated Prince and his Family; but we might as well have

talk'd to the Winds, or laid our Commands on the Elements to Combine againſt them. Old *Leopold*, and the *Partizans* of the Houſe of *Auſtria* would not be Trick'd out of their Pretenſions, and the Prince then in Poſſeſſion of the Throne had *too long a Head* for the whole College of *Cardinals*.

The Princeſs now Reigning has eſpous'd the ſame Cauſe; and we and the whole Conſiſtory have had it under our Conſideration, whether it was not more Adviſeable to turn *Proteſtants* for a little while, rather than loſe the Benefits of ſo Fat a *Pontificate*. Since a Courier has juſt brought us word, that the Land Forces are Embarqu'd and under Sail, and the whole Fleet has been ſeen off *Cape Finiſtre*. *Væ Nobis*, if they are ſuffer'd to Paſs the *Streights*; My *Apoſtolical Heart* goes a Pita-pat; and our *Orthodox Breech* has already made Buttons at the Relation of it: What will become of our fine Works, at *Neſſuno*, or our exquiſite Buildings at *Civita Vechia*. *Impius hæc tam Culta Novalia miles habebit?* No certainly, if *Italians* have not forgot the Art of Flattery, and the Sacred College have not loſt the value

for

for the great Duty of Self Preſervation? We need not turn *Proteſtants*, which our Holyneſs ſhould have boggled at for ſometime, now it comes into our *Sacred Noddle*, for the *Emperour* being Head of the *Grand Confederacy* will protect us in our wonted Worſhip, and ſecure us from thoſe *Spiritual Conflicts*, we ſhould otherwiſe labour under.

Amidſt two Evils therefore, it is but neceſſary your moſt *Serene State*, as well as our *Apoſtolical Subjects* ſhould chuſe the leaſt; and though we have Acted hitherto in Defiance of the *Emperour*, and *Complemented* the young King of *Spain* with a world of *Bawbles* and *Indulgences*, by the Hands of our *Legate a Latere*, we have given Orders to our *Cardinal Pamphilio* to provide all things neceſſary for the Reception of the Confederate Fleet in our Harbours. What if they are *Hereticks*? They are too ſtrong for us to oppoſe, and we muſt yield to what has been put in Practice the *laſt War* by one of our Predeceſſors, ſince we ſhall not be the firſt *Pope* that has been found in the *Proteſtant Intereſt*; as *Innocent* XIth. could inform us, if he was here in your Land of the Living.

If you would follow the Dictates we preſcribe to you, you muſt conceal your Reſentments till their Arrival in your Seas, leſt the *Count de Tholouſe* ſhould fall upon you, and force you to quit your Neutrality: But your own Prudence will direct you to take a Courſe ſuitable to your Circumſtances; ſo we you our *Apoſtolical Benediction*, and give pray God to keep you in his Holy Protection.

Given under our Piſcatorial Seal, in the 3d. *Year of our being call'd to the Papacy.*

Sign'd Clement *and lower.*

Paulucci.

The

The Doge *and* Republicks *Answer.*

By the same Hand.

Most Holy Father,

AFTER prostrating our selves at your *Holynesses's* Feet, in return to the Obligation you have laid upon us, by your Gracious Condescention in giving us Advice at this juncture; we cannot but make known to your *Holyness*, the Resolutions we have t ken at the Receipt of your *Holynesses's* Letter.

We have joyntly consider'd, and unanimously Resolv'd, That by several Bulls from your Predecessors of everlasting Memory, the Sea is our *Wife*, and that we have espous'd her time out of Mind annually, to make her more sure to us, with a *Ring*, which is the Symbol of Marriage; and should we not be jealous of that Freedom which the

French Stallions take with her, we ſhould not deſerve the Name of *Italians*, or think our ſelves Worthy of breathing that Air, we are ſtill under the happy Enjoyment of.

They have not only laid our Lands waſte, which are near their Armies in *Terra Firma*, but have ſeiz'd on our Shipping, and under Pretence of Contraband Goods, have plunder'd the Effects of our Subjects; and upon Application made to the *French* Court, we have receiv'd no other Anſwer than that they approv'd of the *Chevalier Fourbin's Proceedings*. An Anſwer that ſufficiently call's for our Reſentment, which we had before ſhewn, had we not had a *Filial Deference* for your *Paternal Advice*, and thought it needful to make our Addreſſes to you for the Grant of it.

It's manifeſt that their Forces are very numerous, and not to be driven back from the Poſts they have taken, without equal Preparations on the ſide of our *Republick*; but yet theſe very Armies, theſe Troops compos'd of the Flower of the two greateſt Monarchs in the world, have not yet been able

to

to drive a *Handful of Germans* in reſpect of their's out of the *Provinces* they lay Claim to.

Their *King* himſelf is nwo at their Head, and a *Mareſchal of* France, that before this War drove all his Enemies before him; yet we have been almoſt Eye-witneſſes of *One Mareſchal of* France, his being made *Priſoner* in the *midſt* of his own Battalions, and *another* as near a Seizure as could be while aſleep, and under a *Strong Guard* in his *Head-Quarters*.

We are over-joy'd that your *Holyneſſes*'s Reſolutions do not run Counter to our's, and that your Fatherly Example to provide for the Security of your Self, and the Flock committed to your Charge bears a Reſemblance of that, which we are now ready to give to the other *Potentates* of *Italy*. But we muſt acquaint your *Holyneſs*, That though Affairs are uncertain now, and the *Germans* lye Entrench'd without their Recruits; we had before ſent *our Envoy Extraordinary into* England, to concert Meaſures with that Kingdom for the common Safety: Let 'em Confeſs what *Doctrines*

trines they pleaſe, they have no Intentions to diſturb us in our Devotions, and the *French* King himſelf is a Preſident for us to joyn with a Monarch of another perſwaſion.

He had Recourſe to the *Common Enemy of* Chriſtendom, an *Infidel*, a *Barbarian*, one that oppos'd our Saviour's *Doctrines*, but we joyn our ſelves with a *Chriſtian* Nation that has all along been for the *Repoſe* of *Europe*, and ſtood up as *Arbiter of Peace and War*. Theſe are for doing Right, and *Supporting* the Cauſe of injur'd Princes; but thoſe to whoſe Side your *Highneſs* ſeems inclinable, are *Truce Breakers*, *Publick Robbers*, and *Injurious* to every thing that is *Juſt* and *Lawful*, and we muſt ask your *Apoſtolical Forgiveneſs*, if we give you to underſtand we took the Liberty to make Friends with *Hereticks*, whoſe Faith may be rely'd on, rather than place our Confidence in a Nation that has none, though 'tis Govern'd by one who inherits the Title of *Moſt Chriſtian* from the Grant of your Predeceſſors, and are under an Impatience for the Arrival of thoſe *Two Powerful Fleets*, that are daily expected.

The

The Prince whom they are ſent out in Vindication of, is of the ſame Religion with our ſelves, and it is not our Buſineſs now to conſider, whether we are to be ſav'd by a *Proteſtant*, or a *Roman Catholick* Sword, ſince *Salvation* is all the ſame, let it come whence it will, and it matters not what *Corner* of the World it comes from, or what *Wind* blows it, provided we receive the *Benefit* of it. They'll reſtore us the Sovereignty of the *Adriatick*, which is our lawful Spouſe again, and that's a Bleſſing we Petition for next, to your *Holyneſſes's* Benediction, which is Humbly deſir'd by,

Moſt Holy Father,

Your Holyneſſes's *Sons, and*

Moſt Obedient Servants.

Sign'd with our Ducal Signet, and Seal of our Republick.

The Doge, *and* Republick *of* Venice.

The

Mr. J----- F---- to Mr. J---- P----

By *J--- S---* Esq;

Brother P--

WHAT do you think a Rogue of a *Bayliff* did to me, t'other day? May I never handle *Dalton's Juſtice* again, or turn over *Cook* upon *Littleton*, for a *Half Crown Fee* at *Hicks's Hall*; if I was ever Trick'd ſo in all my Life time before. You are ſenſible moſt of us *Juſtices* in the late Reign, were not Famous for being Men of the *largeſt Eſtates*, though we might have as *large Conſciences*, for all that I know, as any that ever had a diſconſolate *Whore*, or melancholy *Culprit* before him; and I among the reſt, though a Student in the *Law*, and call'd to the Bar, had not got ſo much Money by my Practice, as to be Plac'd with your *Finches* and *Powiſe's*, your *Harcourt's* and *Northey's*, and the reſt of the *Purchaſers*. I don't mention

mention this, as if I would have you ſuppoſe I had not ſo much *Law* in my Head as the *Beſt* of 'em, but I had not the ſame Buſineſs, though in the few Cauſes I was Fee'd in, I was Maſter of the ſame Succeſs.

But having a Generoſity, that is peculiar to the Family I am Deſcended from, and a Spirit equal to thoſe Noble Anceſtors, from whom I boaſt my Original, I was forc'd to run a Score like the reſt of the Gentlemen of *Birth* and *Quality*, and my Creditors not being able to take *Fair Promiſes* inſtead of *Ready Money*, e'en took a Reſolution to apply themſelves to the *Shoulder-Dabbers*, and had ſeveral Writs out againſt me.

Now, theſe *Bayliffs* are a ſort of Vermin, you know as experimentaly as my ſelf, that make no Diſtinction of Perſons, but are as ready to Attack a Miniſter of State, provided, he is not Priviledg'd, nay much readier than one of the pooreſt Employment; and I prudently kept within the Confines of my own Houſe, well knowing they had a more than ordinary Averſion for me, that had ſhewn mine to them, by ſending many a Set-

a Setter and his Dog to the *Gatehouſe*, and Priſons adjacent.

Wherefore I made uſe of all the Caution imaginable, ſeldom ſtep'd out to viſit our *All-Fours* Club in *Mitre Court*, or ſtir'd from my own Houſe, ev'n ſo much as at Seſſions time, without ſending my Servant out firſt to caſt an Eye upon the *Avenues*, and find out a Place convenient to make a *Sally* at, which turn'd much to my Detriment, and the great *Loſs* of time to thoſe that lay in Wait for me.

At laſt, as ill Fortune would have it, who but a Conſtable and his Gang with a Priſoner, ſhould be brought before me; in comes Mr. *Scare-Crow* and his Follower, and mix'd themſelves with the reſt of the Mobb, that made Inquiſition for Juſtice; and after I had diſmiſs'd the Perſon Accus'd, and taken Five ſhillings for the poor from him; and according to Laudable Cuſtom, order'd him to pay my Clerk a Shilling for his Diſcharge, when the De—l a Bit of Ink or Paper had he ſpent to Deſerve it. Up comes the Raſcal of a Bum, and told me he had a Word or Two with me. I took him immediately

ly for one of my Creditors, and desir'd him *to Call again another time*; but *his Business was very Urgent*, he said, and Whisper'd me in the Ear he had a *Writ against me. How! You dog*, Cry'd I? *You are mistaken in your Man, you shall pay for this Affront to one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace. If we must pay, we must*, reply'd Sause Box with his Tipstaff, *but you are like to Pay the Debt or find Bayl before we part with you.*

With that I began to Tongue-Pad 'em, and make use of my Rhetorick, to dissuade 'em from executing the Writ, as if I had just then receiv'd half a Crown in Hand, and was shewing my Parts to let my Client see what I deserv'd; but they were inexorable without a *Guinea* forbearance Money, and the whole Debt being but Forty odd Shillings, I made a Shift to raise the Summ and turn them out of Doors, and Threaten'd to be even with the Rascally Fraternity, when the next Riot should happen in *May-Fair*.

But would you believe it, Brother of mine? These Vallains have so little a Regard for my Office or Quality, and stand in

in ſo little Fear of the Authority I am inveſted with, that they are perpetually upon the Hunt after me, and ſome one other of this beaſtly Herd, and their Diſciples are inquiring after me, ſo that I am now forc'd to keep up Stairs, and bear the Fatigue of my Mad *W*— Converſation, without having the Satisfaction of ſending one of 'em to Jayl; or making good the Threats I have made uſe of againſt 'em: Inſomuch that I muſt make it my requeſt to you, that you would vindicate the Honour of the *Middleſex* Lieutenancy, and take the Part of a Gentleman who has executed his Commiſſion with as much Zeal, and Impertinence, as the beſt of 'em all.

I ſuppoſe your Affairs are of late Years recover'd from lying at Sixe's and Sevens, and that it is no manner of Preſumption in you to paſs through *Clare Market*; and Face the *Men-Eaters* at the *Red Lyon* and *White Swan*. I am ſure had I been in the Commiſſion of the Peace ſo long, I ſhould, and before this time had ſent ev'ry individual Sinner under Lock and Key, for I had infallibly got a handſome Eſtate by this time.

If

If you dare be ſo valiant at the Head of your Informers, and hir'd Conſtables, Prithee pick up a Leeſh of 'em or two for my ſake; their Money's as good for your Kinſman at *N——w Pr——n*, as the beſt, and will paſs off at the *Jeruſalem Tavern* as Current as any. As the *Whores* have Chriſten'd you by the Name of *Nuncle*, be ſo kind as to give occaſion to the *Bayliffs* alſo to *Nickname* you.

Grant a Ceſſation of Arms for a while, to the Female Diſtrict of *Covent Garden*, *Charing Croſs*, and St. *Giles's*, and let the Courts in *Drury Lane* be peopl'd once more; that the Tenants may be able to pay their Rents to their reſpective Land-Lords. Draw your Hounds off from their *Old Scent* for once, and (though it is not Huntſman-like.) Put 'em upon a *New* one. Mr. *Bum* will make you as much Sport as Mrs. *Brim*, and will be without all manner of Queſtion more able to pay for his Diſcharge and other Contingences, than any Strumpet of 'em all: You'll have no Importunities for their Releaſe from any Gentleman whatſoever, as you are perpetually tyr'd with for the others; but whatever you *Gripe*

from 'em, will have the appearance of *Juſtice*, ſince you do but by them as they Practice by others.

You need not doubt, but your Complyance with my Requeſt, ſhall be anſwer'd with mine to your's in Caſes of the like Nature as ſoon as I ſhall be able to appear abroad again-- But now I think of it, I'm told the Lieutenancies about the whole Kingdom are upon the Point of being alter'd, and I queſtion whether either of us have Intereſt enough with my Lord *K*—*p*—*r* to be kept in Commiſſion. No Promiſes ſhall be wanting on my Side to continue in my Poſt; and you have ſo long experienc'd the Profits of it, that I have no reaſon to queſtion your Aſſiduity in avoiding being turn'd out, tho' Friend, between you and me, if Fortune ſhould Favour us, We muſt Act a little more cloſely in Juſticiary Affairs than we have done, or we ſhall certainly fall under the Cenſure of the preſent Miniſtry.

I had like to have made a wrong ſtep t'other day, and appear'd too *Openly*, on account of a Ballad that was made in Praiſe

Praiſe of the Queen, and the eſtabliſh'd Religion; adzooks had I. For an honeſt *Non-Con*, one of my intimate Friends, and belonging to our Club in *Mitre-Court*, made his Complaints to me of *Presbytery* being run down in it; whereupon I took upon me to ſend for the *Printer*, who belong'd not to my Precincts, to a Coffee-Houſe in his own; and having School'd him ſeverely for his Impudence in running down a Religion which was tolerated by Law, told him, I was one of Her Majeſty's Juſtices; I know that, ſaid the *Printer*, but not to call Citizens into queſtion: We have Magiſtrates of our own, and if you deſerv'd to be continu'd in Commiſſion, you would be altogether on the ſide of that Religon which is in particular Eſteem with the Queen, by whoſe Permiſſion you are ſuffer'd to talk thus arrogantly.

I ſhall remember the Rogue for his Anſwer, if it lyes in my Power, and hope it has not taken Wind ſo far, as to reach the Court! If it ſhould, Heaven's take care of my Poor Soul; for if once out of the Commiſſion of the Peace, how ſhould I provide for this Earthly

Body of mine, he only knows that made it. I am,

Dear Brother,

Your Servant, and

Fellow Magiſtrate,

Buſy F—

Mr. J---ce P---'s Anſwer.

By the ſame Hand.

I have as little Reſpect for the Scoundrell's you complain of, as any Magiſtrate living, but you muſt hold me Excus'd; if I keep on jogging in the beaten way I have trod ever ſince the Date of my Commiſſion. Leave a *Whore* for a *Bayliff?* A fine *Exchange* indeed! Why Man, thou doſt not know the agreeable Office I ſtand already Poſſeſs'd of, if thou didſt, thou wouldſt never make

make Application to me to deſiſt from the Duties of it. God take me, I ſhould wheeze like an old Ptiſical Alderman, ſhould I neglect taking my Rounds for one day, and my Wife would be forc'd to put up Bills in our Pariſh Church for the Recovery of my loſt Health for the leaſt Omiſſion.

Beſides my Kinſman, who is my Goal Keeper in ordinary, cannot bear the Sight of ſuch Fellows as you deſire me to ſend to him, and I would not for all the World he ſhould play the Fool and die with Conceit, before I have enabled him by a Million or two more Commitments, to leave his Wife an Eſtate anſwerable to the Pride of her Temper, and the Ambition ſhe has of being reckon'd amongſt thoſe Widows that are Courted for their Money, as well as Beauty, and perſonal Acquirements.

No, no, good Mr. *Defendant*, Conſider the Profits of my Employment, and you will never loſe your time in perſwading me to quit what has put me very often amongſt the Number of the *Plaintiffs*. *Bail-Bonds* and *Turn-Key's Fees* are pretty things to go Shares in, and there is a more than ordinary Virtue in telling over the Money that comes from

Diſcharges. I have at once an opportunity from thence of being merciful and rich at the ſame time; and Compaſſion never Iſſues out of my Breaſt without an Ounce or two of Silver, to bear it's Charges in it's return home to me again.

I have got a Title among 'em, and if I ſhould not be Aſſiduous in my Viſits to thoſe that gave it me, ſome Body or other would run away with the name of *Nuncle*, and I ſtand for ever excluded from Super-intending over the *Family* of *Love*. Not a Coffee Houſe in *Coul-ſton*'s, or *Middleſex Court* would care a Ruſh for me; Not a Matron in *Surry-ſtreet* or the *Strand*, would ſend home her Contributions, and my own Covey at home muſt bid an adieu to Silver and Gold Oraces, make a Diminutive Figure, and fall ſhort of the *B--p* of *Cr*— Daughter, ſhould I once take leave of my Senſes, to give a Farewel to thoſe Profits that have made me taken for one that has had Prodigious Intellectuals.

Beſides, my Wife, poor Woman, would be inconſoleable, on ſuch an occaſion, and have nothing elſe but a meer Log by her ſide, ſhould I not ſupply my Want of Fancy at home, by raiſing

it

it abroad, and return'd freighted with the higheſt Inclinations, that went out with all the Deficiencies from her Bed, as were poſſible to be thought on. The *Taylor*'s Wife's, and her Caſe are much the ſame, her Husband was advis'd by her to take out his whole Debt in the Duke of *Buckingham*'s, ſtrong Broth, and I am no ſooner awake in the Morning, after ſleeping all Night by my Wive's ſide, but am ſent out to whet my Stomach at *Moll Quarles*'s, or get an Appetite for a fleſhly Entertainment in *Surry ſtreet*, or the Places adjacent near the *Strand*.

Your *Eringo* Roots, and Spirits of *Clary*, are meer *Potatoes* and *Water Gruel*, in reſpect of thoſe Delicious Objects I feed my Eye-ſight with, and the Bottoms of *Artichokes* are mine *A—ſe* of a Provocative to the Bottoms and Tops I am entertain'd with, at the Female Rendevouze which I perpetually frequent. Conſider, Friend of mine, how tranſporting a Sight, may be had in naked Breaſts, and looſe Garments! What an agreeable Object it is, to pull a fair Creature, out of Bed, make her put on her Morning Gown before you, peep under her Petticoat, while She's putting on her Stockins, hurry her a-

way in a Coach without Stayſe; take her aſide to handle her pretty Circumſtances under Pretence of Privacy, and ſqueeze her by the hand, to acquaint her ſhe ſhall be releas'd for a certain Summ, and then run to one's *Wives* Appartment, full of Love and Imaginations, all over nothing but Extaſie, and afterwards to Fancy this individual Domeſtick Drudge of mine, to be that very ſame Lady that had made ſuch a Reſurrection in this Cold, Dead, Earthy, Dull, Stupid, heavy Body of mine; 'tis Amazement, the Perfection of Pleaſure; and the higheſt Bounds of the higheſt Felicity.

My poor *Deary*, I'll ſay, that for her, it goes down as glib as a Pill in Syrrup of Violets, after theſe Rounds of mine, and I am ſo increas'd in my natural Vigour by 'em, that ſhe imagines her ſelf in the Embraces of the Gentleman in the white Peruke, whom ſhe has been ſo long in Love with; inſomuch, that we mutually are pleas'd our ſelves, in the Conceptions we receive from others.

But, tho' I cannot part with my Beloved Recreation, or deſiſt from an Employment that keeps me alive, and ſupplies me, as it were, with new Life, both for

for my own, and my Wife's advantage; I believe, I can oblige you without any Damage to my self. What think you of surprizing the *Bayliffs* at the same time as I captivate the Females, and indicting them at *Hick's* Hall, while I am holding out my hand for half Pieces for the Release of others?

Several of that Occupation here in Town for want of better Business keep their respective *CASES*, and their Houses are Emblems of *Noah's Ark*, where Clean and Unclean, were receiv'd in Couples; if a Visit to any of this sort of Cattle will oblige you, you know whom to Command; but if I must entirely turn *Bum-Catcher*, your humble Servant Sir, you have mistaken the Man, and are dedesir'd to make Application elsewhere.

I took up a Fellow that Stiles himself an Author t'other day in the great Business of Copulation, and he not being able to pay his Fees, or otherwise gratifie me for Discharge, have let him loose, on Account of the following Verses, if they suit your Purpose, they are yours, if not send 'em back to me again, for they are agreeable to mine.

Two

Two Jack's *in an* Office *as ever were known*
Stood up to Reform the Fag-end of the Town,
Quoth the firſt, Head and Ears ſunk in Debt, let's begin
With the chiefeſt Promoters of the Mammon *of Sin,*
A Bayliff's *a Rogue, that has Poiſon'd the Nation,*
And obſtructs all Attempts to bring in Reformation,
While his Warrants *and* Tipſtaff *fright us out of our Wits,*
And we're forc'd to keep Homewards for fear of his Writs.
Faith and Troth, cry'd the Second, *your Argument's weak,*
Pray what's that to us, if you Hide and you Seek?
If you keep in, becauſe Jacob *Broad and his Crew*
Would get the poor Chandlers *and* Butchers *their due?*
As for your part good Brother, *e'en do as you will,*
Your Excuſe, if I Piſs in a different Quill,
And believe that the Females bring moſt Griſt to my Mill.

For

For truly to ſpeak what I think, I de-
clare,
There are no ſuch Obſtructers of Good-
neſs as they are,
As their Numbers are known by the
Pounds *which I get,*
Wherefore Sir, a Fig for your Juſtice in
Debt.
When in ſtep'd a Third, *the Diſpute to*
decide,
And ſaid, *Here's no Reaſon for, Saints*
to divide,
You, take up the firſt, that have giv'n
ſuch Offence,
For Bayliffs *are Rogues in a litteral*
Senſe;
And you, Brother Smell-Smock, *keep*
cloſe to your Text,
Continue to Perſecute theſe you have
vex'd
For your Lady's of Pleaſure, to cloſe
up the Matter,
Are Saints *in their Looks,* Whores *by*
Name *and by* Nature,
Thus joyntly you'll bring Reformation
in Doors,

Since

Since none does oppoſe it, but your Rogues *and your* Whores.

Your's, &c.

Perſecutor P—

Abridgment *a Bookſeller, to* Original *an Author.*

By *J*-- *B*-- Eſq;

Mr. *Author*,

THO' the Gentlemen of our Trade look upon thoſe of your Profeſſion as Menial Servants, or as the Author of *Tom Double* has it, *Under Spur Leathers*, to us that ſit at the *Helm of Affairs*, yet when we have occaſion for you, we ſometimes veil our Bonnets, and come with an M— under our Girdle, to Requeſt your Aſſiſtance. It's true when we come to agree to a Price, we recover our ſelves; and to make ſome Diſtinctı-

Diſtinction between us that *Pay*, and you that *Receive*, we ſeem indifferent in the Matter, Swear we can have enough that will do it, for a Crown a Sheet leſs, and that *Collier* and *Stanhope*, have no more than what we have offer'd; and you that Write are ſuch Fools as to believe us. But what, a God's Name, can you ſee in a Bookſeller's Face, eſpecially one of my Claſs and Practices, to give Credit to me? I have no Goodlineſs to Recommend me, I never made Intereſt with Dr. *Sh——tk* to Print one of his Sermons, for the ſake of Propagating the Goſpel; never got in with *Fleetwood* or the Author of the *Snake*, for Diſcourſes *upon Miracles*, or *Regale's* or *Pontificates*, or ever made Application to Old *Roger C——* to be Partner in St. *Ciprian*; However, I have been as well thought of by Prophane Authors, for ſome time, as the beſt Man of the whole Trade.

It may ſeem a little wonderful to People that don't know me, but thoſe that do, among whom you have experienced my Civilities with a Witneſs, and been familiarly acquainted with my Returns to thoſe that Oblige me, will forgoe their Admiration, and look upon it as

a

a Thing of Courſe; you know my method of Careſſing from the laſt time I dealt with you, and ſlip'd my Neck out of Collar, by letting yours ſtay in, but you are as good natured a Lad as ever breath'd, you have us'd me with a Gentleman-like behaviour ever ſince, and have taught me how to uſe you again, by your not reſenting ſome Tranſactions of mine, which have lately fall'n under your Cognizance. I have ſo manag'd my ſelf of late Years, that tho' I keep my Horſe, I cannot keep my Authors, but have fallen out with 'em all Circularly. Every Mother's Son of 'em has been traduc'd by me, yet has every Mother Son oblig'd me ſome way or other, and has ventur'd his Reputation, to make me ſit in the Church-Wardens Pew, and by making me Wealthy, give an Encreaſe to mine.

But I am perſwaded that you whom I have drank many a Bottle of Wine with, and have lent many a Crown to, to ſpend it upon me at the Tavern, will paſs by what has hitherto been accounted a Trifle with you, and enter once more into Article to be my moſt *Humble Servant*, and leave your *Old Maſters*, as thoſe you do Buſineſs for now call them-

themſelves. Egad, I have a Noble Subject for you, and a Guinea in Hand is a ſort of Earneſt that you can never have the Heart to refuſe! You know, I and my Comrades have had a good Hand lately at Abridgments, and not a Book of any Note, that has been thought capable of being brought into Compaſs but has felt our Rage, and been torn in pieces by me and my Aſſiſtants; ſome ſanctify'd People that Converſe with the Clergy in St. *Paul*'s Church-yard may exclaim againſt us, and e'en let 'em; We get Money, and let 'em keep to their Darling deſire to paſs for Honeſt Men. If it be wholly practis'd in *Church* and *State*, I am willing to turn Proſelyte; but till then, which will certainly be to the laſt Day of my Life. I muſt ſtand excus'd, for *Red Port* goes at Eighteen, and you can have nothing like *French* under Two Shillings or Half a Crown.

To the Matter then in hand; What think you of Mr. *Collier*'s Dictionary? It's ſold at a High Rate, and the Proprietors have got Money enough by it; ſhould I and ſome more of my Acquaintance, employ you and others about it, Would it not get us a ſweet Penny? So it carries the Appearance of Benefit with it,

it, no matter what the World ſays to it, or thoſe that Bought the Copy; for I have a *Templer* that writes for me, will undertake to prove it from *Coke* upon *Littleton*, That it's every Man's Copy, provided you take only Mr. *Collier*'s Senſe, and not make uſe of his Words. His Authority is unqueſtionable, for I print other Folk's Works with his Name, and have ſeveral times found the Profits of it by Subſcribing them off at Half Price. Beſides, I know a certain Spark that ſhould be a *Gaſcoyn* by his Diſcourſe, that will tell any *Collier* of 'em all to his Face, that Monſieur *Baily* is falſely quoted by him, and that he knows not a Syllable of the Matter, or ever read him. For he has lately Borrow'd him from the Keeper of the *Vatican* Library, and is furniſh'd by him with more Auxiliary Names and Occurrences, than the King of *Spain* has brought the *French* Army in *Italy*. Conſider what a Glorious Undertaking it will be, to be concern'd with a Gentleman of his Kdowledge and Foreſight; and if you have any Deſire to tranſmit your Name to Poſterity, or be Read by Remote Ages, the readieſt way will be to add your ſelf a Companion to him and the reſt of my Scribes,

that

that are now under my Pay, and Writing whatever comes upper-moſt, that we may be the firſt that comes out to Cheat the World.

If you know of any other Book worthy of abridging, ſend me word, for I deſign all the Books in my Shop ſhall be in two Volumes, twelve Shillings Price in *Octavo*. I am

Your's, &c.

Caſe-harden'd Abridgment.

Original's *Anſwer.*

By the ſame Hand.

I have had enough of you good Maſter of mine, and ſo has every Brother of the Quill that ever dealt with you, except ſuch as have been acquainted with what belongs to wooden Shoes, and cannot get Subſiſtence otherwiſe. However, I would willingly

leave ſome Advice behind me for you to amend you Manners by, and if it be poſſible get you into a tolerable Eſteem amongſt your Neighbours. Would any Man in his right Senſes, or that had Relation to thoſe that carry Brains about 'em Act as you do? To get Money is a Tradeſman's Duty, but to get Money by Indirect means, to murther other Peoples Copies, and fall foul upon every Man's Page that is ſaleable, and has coſt the Proprietor conſiderable Summs for the Purchaſe, is to play the Devil all over.

A Friend of mine t'other day ask'd me, whether you were not a *Scotchman*, and one of the Subſcribers to the *Darien* Company; why ſo? ſaid your *Quondam* Servant. Becauſe he follows, ſaid he, their Inſtructions as cloſely as if he had been one of thoſe that drew 'em, and having had poſitive Commands to *get Money*, has taken their Praiſe-worthy Reſolution of getting it how he can; right or wrong, honeſtly or diſhoneſtly, it's all one in the *High-Land* Language, ſo that you can but finger it.

A little grinning Baſtard, ſaid another, I'll lay my Life to a Farthing, he's a *Teaguelander*, and takes *Picking* of *Pockets*,

kets; as a Neighb'ring Coffee-man does *Kicking of Shins*, to be an undeniable Sign of *Wit*, a perfect Demonstration of more than *Ordinary Abilities*. But you are beholding to me for telling him you were an *Engliſh-man*, a Name, as Matters go now, as agreeable and proper for one of your Dealings, as any Foreigners whatſoever, if you'll believe, the common Opinion of moſt Nations, or what ſome amongſt our ſelves, eſpecially the Author of the *True-born Engliſh-man*, who has likewiſe had the Honour of falling into the hands of the Paragraph Men, as well as others that were Sufferers before and after him.

But to apply my ſelf more immediately to the Buſineſs I have undertaken to make a Convert of you, which I fear will be as full of Difficulties as the bringing over a *Jew* to the *Chriſtian Faith*, reconciling a *Whore* to a Nunnery, or making a *Spaniard* forget his Pride, and renounce the Fleſh and the Devil, with the Pomps and Vanities of this wicked World. What thoughts have you of your ſelf, when you give your ſelf leave to make Reflections, and retire into a cloſe Examination of the common Occurrences of Life?

Has not ev'ry Man the ſole Property of his own Copy, and the only Liberty of diſpoſing of what he has bought? I dare perſwade my ſelf you'll agree with me that he has, and if it was your Caſe, would inſert a Reward into the News Paper, to diſcover the Man that ſhould take an Office peculiar to you upon him. Should any one Print an Impreſſion of any thing that belongs to you, though he did not underſell you, but kept it up to Ready-money, and put it off not a Farthing under the firſt Price, the Town ſhould immediately hear of it, and the Perſon offending, ſhould have no other Mercy than what the Severity of the Law would afford him.

It's a quite different Caſe, you Reply, *from what I am Charg'd with*; Yes, truly is it, in my Opinion, but the Difference rather adds to your Crime than excuſes it. For the crooked Sinner in St. *Paul's Church-Yard* that Printed the whole *Duty of Man*, which is *Pawlet's* Copy, neither injur'd the Author ſo much, for was it word for word, the ſame with the Original; or did half the Damage to the Bookſeller, as a Whining, Canting, Pains-taking ſort of a Fellow in the *P---ltry*, that had hir'd a Mendicant ſort of a Parſon to abridge it.

A Man needs have recourſe to few Arguments to prove it, for the whole *Duty of Man* without Abridgments went off at the full Price, but *Pawlet* had a ſhare in the Sale of 'em, and conſequently did not loſe ſo much, as when it was ſold for Six Pence by good Mr. *L*---' a Man of a Latitudinarian Conſcience like your ſelf, and by the Sale of his, ſhould have done Injury to his own Impreſſion.

You would as ſoon be Damn'd, as abridge *Ogliby*, becauſe that celebrated Author's Works are now waſt Paper, or I would Adviſe you to it, as moſt becoming their Hands who are employ'd under you. They can imitate him in his Humour to a Tittle, and hit his chief Attribute of Dulneſs to a Miracle, but to attempt any thing after Mr. *Collier*, is to aim at what they muſt needs fail in, and Copy after Excellencies they cannot rightly diſtinguiſh, if they do not admire 'em, and own 'em beyond Imitation.

I underſtand there are four Worthy Gentlemen, that are concern'd in this Conſpiracy againſt Equity and Learning, I heartily wiſh 'em well, though I can have no great Opinion of their Abilities, ſince they enter ſo readily upon a Work

that is impoſſible. It would be fitting there ſhould be ſome Conſtable, or Peace Officer amongſt the Sharers; for it's Ten to one there will be a Difference amongſt 'em in the Cloſe of it about the Picture, that ſhall be plac'd before it. Ev'ry Man will be for his own Phiz: and if you would be haſty in your Book's Damnation; place 'em all Four in the Frontiſpiece ſay I, and it's Ten to one, whether the Courteous Reader will turn over another Leaf.

I hear Mr. *Collier* has taken the Alarm, and has ſtood to his Arms ever ſince the Rumour of his being attack'd by this Abridgment firſt come abroad: He'll do himſelf Juſtice as well as the whole Trade, if he deters you from making ſuch illegal Attempts for the future, and whatever he is about, whether it's to be call'd Introduction or Poſtſcript; will I hope have it's due Succeſs, while your's Meeting with it's deſerv'd Reception ſhall reconcile you once more to *Fair* Dealings, after having been made ſenſible of the Diſappointments that attend *Foul.*

I am glad I can Anſwer the Requeſt, at the Cloſe of your's without a poſitive Denial; and give you Satisfaction without

out doing Violence to my ſelf, or diſobliging others. Your Queſtion has puzled me, and I have rack'd my Memory for a Book to fall under a State of Martyrdom, and be plac'd in the Rank of your former Abridgments: But all to no Purpoſe, I promiſe my ſelf you'll have nothing to do with the *Father's* and *School-men*, and for Mr. *Child's* Sake you'll ſpare poor *Dupin's Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory*. I profeſs one will ſcarce hear of a *Dictionary* abridg'd in an Age, what think you therefore of *Eliſha Coles? Let your Book-Farriers* Dock that Authors Tail, and bring it into a two Shilling Book, and the School Boys will be at your Service: if that will not do, I proteſt you have made ſuch a havock amongſt Books that are Saleable, that I have nothing elſe to recommend to you; but the *Bible* and *Common-Prayer Book*, who am

Sweet Mr. Abridgment,

Your's to Serve you in things Lawful,

Original.

POSTSCRIPT.

A Friend of mine juſt gave me the following Lines, which are at your Service, becauſe they ſeem to point at ſome Concerns, which you and I have had under our Conſideration.

A Templer, French-man, *and a Brace*
Of Heav'nly Guides who'd drop ye.
All met at an appointed Place
To Judge, if it was Fair or Baſe,
To Print Another's Copy.

Said Boll *the Firſt, with ſerious Look*
As ever Chanted Maſs Sirs,
I'll prove by Biſhops Hook *and* Crook,
Each Man may Print his Neighbours Book,
Or I'm a Popiſh Aſs Sirs.

Books are deſign'd for all Mens Good,
And Publick Information,
And we but do as Chriſtians *ſhou'd,*
By making 'em be underſtood
And ſpread about the Nation.

The

The Letter of the Law, it's true,
Secures each Man his Claim,
But what is that to me, or you?
So that ſome words be chang'd for New,
The Senſe may be the ſame.

May I ne're more believe Trans-Sub---
Or Penance, *or* Repentance,
Ne'er drink a Draught of Cheſhire Bub,
Or make one in this honeſt Club,
If this be not my Sentence.

Cry'd Boll *the Second Nobly ſaid,*
By Prophets, Prieſts and Martyrs,
The way for us to get our Bread,
And above water hold our Head;
Is not to Act like Starters.

I'm of Opinion, that it's Fair
By what e're Means we gain it,
Money ſhould be our Chiefeſt Care,
And Writers cannot live on Air,
I've try'd, and will maintain it.

Monſieur *without the leaſt delay,*
Straight ſhew'd himſelf Content;
Nor could the Man of Law, *ſay nay,*
For all his Tenement of Clay,
But ſilence gave Conſent.

Two Prieſts like theſe, what Man can ſhew,
Amidſt the whole Creation?
What Lay man, Two ſuch Lay-men know,
That could ſo ſoon Converted grow
Throughout the Britiſh *Nation?*

Well, i'ſt ſay I, the Four are joyn'd
In the ſame Undertaking,
For ſure Four more of ſuch a Mind,
So Promptly bad, and ill Inclin'd,
Were never of God's making.

The

The two Hundred Maidens *at the* Bath, *to the* Virgins *in* Oxford.

By *Sam. C---d* Eſq;

YOU have heard of our Calvalcade at the Reception of the Queen, and the *Gazette* has inform'd you, that the Spirit of Continence has been viſible increas'd at the *Bath* within theſe few years. Pardon us, we ſpeak of the Ladies under a State of Matrimonial Bondage, for the Citizens Wives are ſtill the ſame, the Country Gentlewomen keep up to their old Interviews, and the *Gameſter*, and Man of *much* Addreſs with *little* Fortune, is as aſſiduous at the Bedchamber and Toylet, as ever has been known.

How ſhall we do to Entertain Her Maſty on the next Occaſion, ſhe ſhall be pleas'd to favour this Town with, he only knows that firſt made *Maidenheads*, for the Courtiers are ſo preſſing with us, and the Stars and Gaters have ſuch an influence over our Conſtitutions, that we much fear a general Surrendry, and

that

that the Enemies Artillery will force us to yield at Diſcretion: Their formidable appearance, makes us believe their Guns are well mounted, and its a terrible thing if you'll believe the *Weſtern Laſſes*, to hold out a Siege till the Enemy ſtorms the Body of the place *Sword in hand.*

All that we have to ſay is, that if we ſhould turn *Backſliders*, it's no more than our Mother's have done before us, and tho' we decreaſe in our Number for the preſent, we ſhall make it our Endeavour to add to it nine Months hence, by the Acceſſion of many a pretty Innocent by way of Recruit.

But it ſeems the Ladies of your Town have had more Modeſty, than to put upon Her Majeſty as we have done, and make M. *Yard*'s mouth water to write them down alſo young Maidens. A Fumbling ſort of a Spark, he believ'd what was ſent him to a Tittle, though ſome of us can prove to the contrary, if it be true, That a certain Shop-keepers Daughter, entruſted her Secrets two years ſince in the hands of her Father's Journey-man, and vertuous Mrs. *Betty P—m* dropt ſomething which the Ignorant ſtill think her poſſeſs'd of in a great Houſe not far from *Golden-Square.* How-

However we have the Reputation, and Fancy goes a great way towards a Foundation for a Ladies Character; we appear'd all like *Amazons*, perfect Manhaters; but ſome Gentlemen that have Read us otherwiſe than in the *Publick* News, can atteſt from our *Private* Converſation, we are not what we are taken for, and are as inclineable as Nuns at a Grate to think well of a Sex we cannot be angry with, while they do not run away with what they prize us for, and leave us in Poſſeſſion of the Goods that for ſome years will be ſcarce the worſe for their's, or other Folks wearing.

'Twas a merry ſort of a Project that it was, and a Plot well laid to let Her Majeſty know, what a Heav'nly ſort of a Place *Somerſetſhire* was. The Story of the Seven thouſand *Virgins* was deſervedly held for Fabulous, and receiv'd as a Popiſh Legend; but our Wiſeacres that took Sr. *Charles Cotterell*'s Office upon 'em, and Marſhall'd us Rank and File according to Order, pick'd out no more than Two hundred to be the more readily believ'd, and have themſelves taken for Encouragers of the Reformation now carried on amongſt us. We wiſh they may not be miſtaken, and rather add

to

to the Suſpicions the World had of our Countrey-women than diminiſh from it, ſince it is but too evident to thoſe who can give any Credit to their Ears and Eyes, we belong to a Town, that has the greateſt Temptations in it to make us not ſuſpected of two much Chaſtity.

Our Aldermen perform'd their Parts to a Miracle, with Mr. *R—r* at the Head of 'em, ſo many Foreheads ſo many Pair of Horns to defend 'em; but we are ready to burſt at the Account, two or three young *Oxford* Schollars that have hedg'd themſelves into the Rear of the Court, give us of your Heads of Colledges and Doctors. They tell us, Dr. *M—r* got rid of the Spleen for an hour or two, and was pleas'd to think while Her Majeſty kept her Court at *Chriſt-Church*; there was one in the Univerſity had a higher Authority than himſelf in it. That the Head of *Jeſus*, and his Brimſtone Society appear'd all with *Quick ſilver* Girdles, and ſcratch'd where it itch'd, to teſtifie their Loyalty and Affection to the preſent Government, and that the Men of *Queen's*, *alias Tim. H—n's* Pack of Dogs, came biting their Thumbs, as if they had been enjoyn'd,

to

to do Penance at Her Majesties Entry, and Fright the Ladies of Quality out of their Senses, by Challenging the whole Retinue to make a *Syllogism* in *Barbara*, or cut an *Enthymeme* as neatly and concise as they could.

That the Warden of a certain College left *Three in a Hand*, and taking off Beer Glasses *Supernaculum*, to put on his Scarlet, and carry Divinity upon *All Fours*, to pay his *Modicum* of Allegiance: and a certain old Gentleman of *Merton* was lifted on Horseback with his Spectacles, to to see whether he could spye any one Fool enough amidst the Crowd, to take his unmarry'd Daughters for better or worse, with as slender Portions as he put off his last with.

In short, We are told there is no Diversion like that which your grave Dons gave the whole Court, and that old *Wyat* had got by Heart, the Devil and all of hard Names, to have call'd Her Majesty by, had it been thought Proper to have had her Address'd in the Latine Tongue. The two young Kids of *Christ-Church* are highly commended for their Tutors Complements, and ev'ry one says that came from thence, they are Prodigies of young Gentlemen to such Cramp-brane Expressions,

Expreſſions, or make Intereſt with the moſt Poetically inclin'd in that venerable Society, for a Dozen or two of Diſtiches to ſet their own Names to. As for his Part we are credibly inform'd the Gentleman that Harangu'd his Royal Highneſs, is ſo conceited of his Performance in the learned Language, that he thinks of nothing but making a Conqueſt of the *Mathematicks*, and triumhing over obtruſe Angles, and *Hypotoneuſes*, to fit him for the Command of a Squadron of Ships, he imagines the Service he has done him ſo great: and to call him a Degree below a Captain of a Man of War, is to accept a Challenge from him in a Meadow near the River *Churwell*.

The two Gentlemen Commoners of *Baliol* and *New Colledge* did enough, for they ſpoke what thoſe that had the Care of 'em, bid 'em, and he that does that of their Birth and Eſtates, fulfill's his Fathers, or Guardians deſigns to a Syllable, ſince *Metre* and *Bombaſt* does not recommend a Gentleman to St. *Stephen's* Chappel, and he's much nearer being choſen a Parliament Man, that can Hire others to write for him, than he that is forc'd to be at the trouble of writing for himſelf. But we are of Opinion in theſe

these Parts, that the Gentlemen who went out Doctors, took the righteſt Sow by the Ear, ſince Court Places are ſlippery things, and he that may look big for a while in Poſſeſſion of 'em, may be glad to take up with another Employ without 'em.

Let us tell you, never was Money better ſpent among Univerſity Beadles than theirs, and tho' the *Common* Law is ſaid to be an Excellent Preſcription againſt full Pockets, or the Money Surfeit; that which is *Civil* is not without particular Benefits and Advantages to get an Eſtate by, as Dr. *Oldys* and *Walker* will aſſure 'em by way of Certificate, provided they put their Hands in their Pockets, and pull out the Paſs-port of Intelligence.

To draw towards a Concluſion, we have giv'n our Thoughts of your Entertainment of Her Majeſty with all imaginable Freedom, and deſire you would take the ſame Liberty with us. We have no Reaſon to doubt, but as you have made your ſelf Merry with our Dancers and Scrapers, and Collection of Virginities, ſo you'll excuſe us for concerning our ſelves with your old Stagers, that

have not Sinews enough to get 'em from us; had we, as the *Gazette* tells you, kept 'em to this time.

As for the younger ſort, their Abilities are beſt known to you that have try'd 'em; but if their Backs had been no ſtronger than their *Metre*, God-a-mercy *Maiden Heads*, ſay we, *Oxfordſhire* might have boaſted an equal number with *Comitatu Somerſet*. But where the Muſes take their Habitation; there are few *Virgins* but themſelves, and its not in our Inclination to find fault with you for your Ambition to be Women as ſoon as you could, and know the Diſtinction between the two Sexs. It behoves us to imitate you, and thoſe among us, that have not been before hand with you, will be certain not to neglect Whip and Spur to come up to you. We loſe time while we are writing, the young Pages are out of Patience at our dealing with the Standiſh ſo long, and the Horſe-Guards and Grenadeers curſe the moment that brought Pen and Ink into Faſhion. Not but we have variety of Suitors from his Grace to his *Valet*; but Buſineſs muſt be done whom ſoever it is done by. And ev'ry year may not give

us

us the like opportunity which this Summer has presented us with, wherefore take leave to Subscribe our selves in haste.

Your's, &c.

The Oxford Virgin's.

By the same Hand.

AT the Recept of your's, We held a *Convocation*, whether it should be read, or return'd back unopen'd on Account of the Direction. The *Masters of Arts* said 'twas a burning shame, and a high Disgrace to their dear *Alma Mater*, who had been Mother of so many Children, that any that liv'd within the Precincts of the University should be call'd a *Virgin* after *Thirteen*, and several of those that made Enquiry into the Learned Languages, as *Syriack*, *Arabick*, *Chaldean*, &c. enter'd their Protestations against it, as being a *Note of Infamy*, and us'd amongst ancient Writers, as an Expression to signifie *Barrenness*.

The younger ſort for their turns, to give you their Sentiments of the Matter, made it out as clear as the Sun at Noon-day that a *Maiden Head* was a meer *Ens Rationis*, a Thing that had no Being, but in Imagination a down-right nothing, and invok'd the *Logicians* for a Magazine of hard Terms, and a Train of Diſtrictions, to batter down thoſe Enemies of Copulation that had miſ-nam'd thoſe Ladies that were actually *Senior-Soph's* for *Anſwering under Batchellors.*

But the graver Part of the Houſe, ſuch as your *Theologues*, *Civilians*, and *Phyſicians*, were far from being Hot in our defence, becauſe of their Cold enervate Conſtitutions; and would have the word *Maiden* to be the Ornament of the Sex, while they were incapable of making us Women, and eaſing us of a Concern that has always been reputed amongſt the Learned in this Place to be the Burden of it.

We like our *Academicks*, for deſcribing what ſort of Buſineſs theſe Antiquated *Seniors* are fit for, and giving you to underſtand that our graver ſort of Philoſophers know how to demean themſelves upon ſolemn Occaſions; but a God's Name what harm have our Aldermen done

done you, that they must be pass'd by in Silence, and flung by as so many Cyphers in your Epistolary account? Fye Ladies its very uncourtly, and we cannot but take notice, That you have made but an Ill-hand at Learning the *Decorums* put in Practice about Her Majesty's Royal Person.

Did you mind the *Gazette*? No less than a Sir *William* had the Honour to carry the Mace before the Queen, and conduct her to Her Majesty's Apartment; and yet this Worthy Knight notwithstanding the Ceremony which was made use to get him upon his Horse, the Footman and Beadles that walk'd by his side is not worthy to be mention'd. Were you to see how heinously the whole Corporation takes it, how their Wives and Daughters pout to see their Husbands, and Fathers slighted, and how ev'ry individual Sinner shews a general Concern, and Dissatisfaction at your unpardonable Omission; you would consult your Scholastick Minions by way of Instruction, and have made 'em sit down to Dinner with their usual Courage, and drink a Health to the Encouragement of Learning, as Tradesmen should do, that live by that of others and not their own.

But it's paſt, and the moment cannot be recall'd, the Univerſity is like to fare the worſe for their Brethren; who *Murrain* take 'em, muſt ſet up for Courtiers, and as the firſt ſtep to accompliſh themſelves, do an Act of Injuſtice. Let 'em come back with Money in their Pockets, to pay off their Scores, or Woe betide their opiniated Coxcombs. For *Mercers* Bill's fly about like Hail, and Tavern Accounts come into the Colleges thick and threefold; never was ſuch Crouding as there is in the *Vice-Chancellors* Court, and the *Batchelors* of Law get the *Devil and All.* We are told there will no ſuch thing as Chalk made uſe of for the future, and that the Goaler has Orders to provide new Apartments in the Caſtle, for the Reception of the Priſoners that will come into his Cuſtody.

Yet the Gentlemen, if they can poſſibly ſpare time from making their Appearance at the *Levee*, to give you a word or two about their *Foot-Cloths*, may mention Sir *Robert* and his Footman, and tell the World what a delicate Foot and Leg Mr. *Wright* had for a Horſeman, and how excellently he became his Furniture and ſate in his Saddle, and there will be Suits of Cloths, and Law for

for Eternity *Gratis* ; otherwiſe they are to expect nothing without ready Money, and the Mayor of the Town will ſhake off all accuſtom'd Allegiance to the Univerſity, and remove the Day of Death far from him, by not making his Appearance at St. *Mary's* with the Halter inſtead of his Collar of *SS* about his Neck, at the time and Anniverſary appointed.

The Citizens of *Briſtol* are People for our Money, the Devil a-bit of a *Maidenhead* did they pretend to, yet Her Majeſty's Reception was as Magnificent as it was hearty and ſincere ; and ſhe entertain'd with a Splendor, becoming the Wealth and Royalty of the Place they belong'd to. Would you do as we do, you would ſhew your ſelves better Subjects than the *Gazetteer* makes you appear to be, and puſh forward the great Duty of *Procreation* at a time when we are involv'd in a War, and under ſuch Straits to provide Soldiers for Her Majeſty's Service.

We ſhould ſcarce turn *Mutineers* if ev'ry Soul of us were oblig'd after the Practice of the ſeveral Lieutenancies of the Kingdom, to furniſh their reſpective Horſemen and Footmen, the more the Merrier ſay we, and you'll ſoon agree

with us in our Sentiments after you have try'd the pleaſing Experiment. And to let you know, that we are never backward to expreſs our Satisfaction in Her Majeſty's Government, and the Zeal we have for the Preſervation of Her's and the Prince's Royal Perſon, we have laid our Heads together in another ſort of Exerciſe than we have been ſpeaking of, and made our hearty Addreſſes to the *Bath* in the following manner.

Ye Pow'rful Streams your wonted Gifts convey,
And hear a Monarch, and her Subjects Pray,
In GEORGE'S *Life bright* ANNA'S *is ſecure,*
In ANNA's *are her Dutious* People's *ſure.*
Preſerve the Prince, *or ye the Queen deſtroy;*
And blaſt our Hopes, and ſtill our growing Joy.
Health did the Syrian Chief *in* Jordan *gain,*
Oh may the Syrian's *Health attend the* Dane.

Renew'd

Renew'd in Vigour, and in Strength reſtor'd,
And ſave our Soveraign LADY *in her* LORD,
As they may ſtill the ſame Examples prove,
And teach us how to Live, *and how to* Love.
Still Bleſs'd at home, the Britiſh Empire *guide,*
And Heav'n eſpouſe the Juſtice of his Side,
While Ormond *with their Arms abroad Prevails,*
And Conquers Spain *and Tyranny in* Cales.
Not for Themſelves, *for Kingdoms they deſpiſe,*
And Stars *beyond their* Zenith *cannot riſe,*
But for the Peace of Europe *which they prize.*

How they may go down with *Bath* Stomachs we cannot determine, but we have Opinion enough of our own Performances to think 'em tolerable. Not that we would be taken for thoſe that belong to the Retinue of the nine Ragged Muſes, who have nothing to keep 'em warm

warm but their *Maiden-heads*, but would have a Place in your Opinion for ſuch as have the higheſt Veneration for Kingly Government in the right Line.

If there is any ſuch a Piece of Mortality, that has made himſelf an Appendix to the Court as a Poet, you may go on with our Complement, and teſtifie your Affections in the ſame manner, if not, you have nothing to do but to go on with your Praiſe-worthy Reſolutions, of ſupplying Her Majeſty with Soldiers, and caſting up your Eyes to Heav'n on your *Backs*, while you are conſulting the Satisfaction of your *Bellies*.

Your's, &c.

The Duke of Burgundy *to the King of* Spain.

By *J--- B---* Eſq;

I reach'd *Verſails* not an hour ſince, and Heav'ns be prais'd, have ſhook off the dangerous Apprehenſions that ſtuck

ſtuck by me in *Flanders*. Let thoſe make Compaigns that have a better Reliſh for being beaten; for my Part, I am none of the Man, my Grandfather takes me for. *Sham* Conqueſts may pleaſe his Fancy, but I that have no Proſpect of thoſe that are *Real* muſt ask his Excuſe; ſince there is no Muſick in *Te Deums*, that thank God for Afflicting us; and I would not be thought ſuch a Fool of a General, as to think Heav'n would accept me for my Sincerity, in declaring to the World I gave Praiſe to the Divine Power, for letting the Earl of *Marlborough* get the better of me.

I ſhall never forget him, while there is any Breath in this Body of mine. I was told, he was a Courtier, a very Complaiſant ſort of a Soldier, and one that would ſhew the higheſt Reſpects to the Second Prince of the Blood, and Preſumptive Heir to the Kingdoms of *France* and *Navarr*, but it was all Fiction, and not ſo much as a word of Truth in the whole Story, for he's the moſt unaccompliſh'd, rough, termagant ſort of a Lord as ever I met with in all my Life.

It's true, I carried things with a high Hand for a little time, and his Lordſhip

of

of *Athlone* was tolerably Civil to me; while I was laying waſt the *Dutchy* of *Cleve*, and play'd the *Heroe* over a parcel of old Women and Children; I made many a Boor Find Cocks and Hens, for my Kitchen, and compell'd 'em to bring in what Proviſions they could rap or run for to furniſh my Table with: *Athlone*, I ſay, was Gentleman enough in Conſcience to me, and I liv'd as merrily upon other Peoples Eſtates as a Man could wiſh; but alas thoſe Joys were but momentary, and who ſhould be ſent to make me Dance to his Muſick, but this *Engliſh* Scare-crow, this Son of Thunder and Lightning, this uncourtious *Marleborough*.

Ah Brother, I am like to fall into a Fit at the very Name of him, and your Cuſtomer Prince *Eugene* cannot be half ſo terrible to you. Before his Arrival, whenever I thought fit to Decamp and Change my Quarters, the Enemy quitted theirs for my Service, and I cock'd up my Hat and Feather like a Fury, wherever I took a Fancy to entrench my ſelf. But would he turn Tayl to me do you think, when I deſir'd his Abſence, and took a Fancy to the Place of his Reſidence? The Scituation pleas'd me, and

and I march'd Bag and Baggage with my *Mirmidons* and Domeſticks to take Poſſeſſion of it. But he was for ſtretching his Authority as lawful Landlord, and ſent me packing with my Writ of Ejectment at my *A*—ſe, as if the Devil drove me.

What's the meaning of it I can't tell; but a Prince brought up in Compliments, and ſent into a Countrey to do what he pleas'd in it, might have expected a Decenter Entertainment. I was fed up with Hopes that he would quit his Habitation, and leave it for me to entertain the Court Ladies in; but *Bouffiers* was miſtaken and reckon'd without his Hoſt; and I have had nothing but the ſmell of *Gunpowder*, and *Brimſtone* was ever ſince in my Noſtrils, which is never like to leave me, unleſs the Court *Pulvils* get the weather Gage of the Camp Perfumes, and overcome that which has overcome me.

However, notwithſtanding all theſe Puniſhments, and my being order'd to return to *Paris* under pretence of Sickneſs; I have receiv'd the Complements of the Magiſtrates belonging to the ſeveral Towns I paſs'd through, and the Marquiſs of *Bedmar*, ſuch another Conqueror

queror as my ſelf, and I had the merrieſt Interview imaginable. He came with his Hat nail'd to his Head, and an Air of Haughtineſs, as if he had actually taken *Hulſt* by Storm, and put every *Souterkin* to the Sword that was in Garriſon: *Your Highneſs*, ſaid he, *has made a glorious Campaign, and the* Spaniſh *Nation is indebted to your Valour, in ſecuring theſe Provinces from the Inſults of an Enemy that lies in wait for Advantages to ſurprize us. Nothing but the Son of* Lewis *the* Hardy *could have born the Fatigues which your Highneſs has undergone, and the King my Maſter, will always bear in Remembrance the good Offices, ſo Heroic a Prince and Brother has done him.* Nor was I wanting in making Returns after the manner of his own Language; *Segnior* ſaid I, while the *French* Nobility were Cringing and making Grimaces in Praiſe of my Addreſſing my ſelf, *I am highly pleas'd with the kind Thoughts you have of me, and cannot but bear you Witneſs, that your Atchievements and Conduct deſerve the higheſt Acknowledgments from the Prince whoſe Deputy you are, and whoſe Service you have diſtinguiſh'd your ſelf by, in the Zeal you have ſhewn for it.*

The

The Paris Gazette *without all manner of Queſtion, will be as juſt to your Praiſe; as the* Bruſſel's *can be to mine, and ſince they are equally Lovers of Truth, they will be reciprocally Sincere in the Relations they ſhall give of our ſucceſsful Expeditions.*

So much for the *Don* your Subject and Servant, and away bruſh'd your Brother *Burgundy*, your Majeſty's *Generaliſſimo*, or Vicar General which you pleaſe, with the Shouts and Huzza's of the Commonalty, that were glad I had left 'em a Town to Winter in, and flock'd about my Calaſh to admire at a Prince, that had not loſt all they had in the firſt Year of his Battoon-ſhip, and Practice in giving the Word of Command. As both of us took different Ways, he to his Reſidence in *Flanders*, to meditate over the numberleſs Exploits he had perform'd, and contrive Ways and Means how to get away from their Fury, ſhould the Garriſon of *Hulſt*, and the Neighbouring Troops return the Viſit which he lately made 'em, and I laid my Commands on him that drove me to drive *Jehu*-like, to bring me as ſoon as he could to my Grandfather, that he might whet up his Stomach for another *Te Deum*, and

and ſhew the ſame Reſpects for my Victories, as he has already ſhewn for yours.

I vow to God the old Gentleman was as glad to ſee me, as ever he was in his Life: And took me into his Cloſet with as much Solemnity, as if I had all the Secrets in the World to make him acquainted with, while I was ready to put Fingers in Eye, and fall into Tears for fear of his being Angry at the News *Bouſlers* ſent me home within the Journal.

Be not diſhearten'd Boy, ſaid he, *Thy Grandfather has been as much affraid of Gunpowder in his Youth, as thou canſt be for the heart of thee, and remember it as the chiefeſt Maxim of State, to put on a good Face on a bad Matter. I'll ſend to my good Cozen the Archbiſhop of* Paris *to give thanks for thy ſafe Arrival, and keep the Hearts of my* People *by encouraging them to continue giving* Free Gifts, *and* Supplys, *with the Noiſe* of God's Bleſſing on my Arms, *and a ſhew of Succeſs on all my righteous Undertakings. Princes muſt not let their Subjects know their Miſtarriages, and we that have Magnified the* Goodneſs of God, *in taking away Ten thouſand of our beſt*

Soldiers,

Soldiers from us at the Battle of Luzara; *may certainly put on the Vail of Hypocriſie once more, and Adore his Divine Condeſcention in permitting us to ſurrender up the Towns of* Keyſaerwart, Landau, Venlo, Ruremond *and* Stevenſwart, *of our own Accord, to an Enemy that otherwiſe, would have oblig'd us to it by Force of Arms.*

I thank'd His Majeſty for delivering his Mind to me ſo graciouſly, and promiſed to make him Amends next Campaign; would His Majeſty but ſend me into the Field with twice the Number; which was enough for the King to Chuck me under the Chin, and Diſſemble an Air of Satisfaction among his Courtiers, as if *Luxemburgh* and *Turene* were Reviv'd in me, and all the Heroes ſince *Pharamond*, were but as ſo many Chickens, if compared to a Man of my Fortune.

I wear nothing but Red, and other Military Accoutrements ſince my Arrival, and fifty Piſtoles in hand to the Abbot that writes the News-Paper, has Extoll'd me to the Skies for my Great Skill in Affairs Military. Every Soul that can pay for Scarlet, Mimicks me to the Life, and I have had at leaſt a Thouſand impertinent Addreſſes, to tell me that the Nation look'd upon me, as *Rome*

did upon *Aſcanius*, the Hopes and Expectation of their State. I was put to the Bluſh many a time for a Return to their Compliments, as being Conſcious to my ſelf how little I deſerved 'em; but thanks to my Stock of Hereditary Braſs, and the Natural Courage belonging to my Family, I ſoon recover'd my ſelf from my Diſorder, and behaved my ſelf with a Grandeur that was ſuitable to the Perſon and Circumſtances of him they paid their Offerings of Praiſe to.

But amidſt the Recital of my Victories, and the Balls and Entertainments occaſion'd by my Glorious Return; amidſt the Panegyricks of the Learned, who were as much in the wrong as thoſe that had been bred up in Ignorance, and the joyful Clamours of the Multitude that were miſled by the Reports of my Valour, ſome one or other, that had a truer Inſight into the Poſture of Affairs, drop'd the Following piece of Mortification in my Bed-Chamber, with this Inſcription;

To Lewis *of* Burgundy, Fortunate *for want of* Succeſs, Valiant *for want of* Bravery, Prudent *for want of* Knowledge, Experienc'd *for want of* Action, *and* Triumphant *for want of* Conqueſt.

YOung Prince take heed, their Poiſnous Praiſes fly;
Actions *like thine, give* Words *like theirs, the Lye;*
Deſpiſe their Flat'ries, and their Falſhood Scorn,
Truth ſhould delight a Soul that's Nobly *Born;*
And Truth could ſpeak, would Royalty give leave
That Courts within their Walls might Truth receive,
What Glorious Feats thy Conqu'ring Troops have done,
How well they were Entrench'd, *and ſwift they* Run,

With Burgundy *in Perſon at their Head,*
Who came, *and* ſaw, *and* ſigh'd, *and* fear'd, *and* fled.

Camps thou haſt ſeen, thy very Enemies own,
But what are Camps and War to Boys ungrown?
Go to thy Wife, thy Fancy'd Trophies Tear,
And fling away the Signs of Blood and War,
Fortune may bleſs thy dalliance with thy Bride,
But Fortune cannot with Injuſtice ſide,
Or ſtand by Swords that Auſtria's *Rights oppoſe,*
And make the Arbiters of Peace *their Foes.*

In Balls at Meudon, *and* Verſailes *delight,*
Zounds, 'tis beneath a Child of France *to Fight,*

To

To tempt rough Danger with Succeſſleſs Arms,
Ruffled and Diſcompos'd amidſt Alarms,
Thy Locks uncurl'd and looſen'd by the Wind,
Dreſs'd up for Battles of another Kind.
Thy Grandfather's Example nobly View,
And the ſame Road to Fame, he took, purſue;
While Villeroy *and* Catinat *take the Field,*
Would any Bourbon *Venture to be Kill'd?*
Or ſhew himſelf Degenerate from his Race,
Daring to ſtare an Enemy in the Face.
No, no, ſoft Peace thy Beardleſs Viſſage ſuits,
Swords, Pikes, and Guns are Inſtruments for Brutes.
If War muſt be thro' out thy Granſir's Reign,
And he will venture France *to graſp at* Spain,

If Philip's *Uſurpation He'll E-*
ſpouſe,
And ſtand up for the Breach of Oaths
and Vows,
If he purſues the Life he yet has
led,
And wreſts the ſacred Meaning of
the dead,
Meddle thou not, the Soldiers Part
decline,
Leſt with the Cauſe, *the* Guilt *be*
likewiſe thine.

You may like 'em perhaps as little as my ſelf, but there are not a few at Court that have taken more than ordinary Liberty in Commending 'em; among the reſt, the Counteſs of *Richelieu* muſt needs ſet up for a Wit, and be Confin'd for ſpeaking her Sentiments of what no Body asked her Judgment of. She's a pert Lady, and I dare Swear Repents it by this time. But the King has been a great Encourager of Wit, and now he's paid home with it for his Pains.

We are in great concern for your Affairs in *Italy*, and ſcarce a Packet comes

comes from thence, but our Tongues are order'd to be Padlock'd, and Commands iſſued out, that none preſume to dive into thoſe Arcanas of State: you would do a Brotherly Office to me to me to be a little Communicative at this time, for though I am a Privy Councellor, I know very little of the Matter. The King tells us all, that you Fight like a Heroe. I wiſh it be true, that one may be ſaid to belong to the Family, ſince it is manifeſt by what has preceded, there is very little appearance of ſuch a Maſculine Creature in

Your Affectionate Brother,

Lewis *of* Burgundy.

The

The King of Spain's *Answer to the Duke of* Burgundy.

By the same Hand.

I Wish my self as safe at Home as you are, for by all that's Good, I have *Shiver'd* worse than a Man in a *Tertian Ague* ever since my being in *Italy*, tho' at the same time I must confess that the Country is to *Hot* to hold me. I was promis'd Mountains before my Arrival, but they have dwindled into Mole-Hills, into meer Nothings, and *Philip* of *Spain* is a worse Man, by Ten Degrees, than *Philip* of *Anjou.*

The Cardinal be Damn'd, say I, that Conjur'd up *Charles* the Second's Will, had it not been for him, I had liv'd like a Prince, not shew'd my self for a Sight through the Towns and Cities of *Spain*, *Naples*, and the *Milaneze*, and came hither to look about me, hear *Vendosm* Talk Big, and be an Eye-witness

neſs of the Conduct of a Prince, that *Performs* even beyond what my Generals can *Promiſe*.

If *Marlborough* puts you into Fits, What a God's Name of a Stool does Prince *Eugene* give me at the very Thoughts of him? I need no Phyſician to preſcribe to me when I am Coſtive; mention him, the Buſineſs is done, there is no occaſion for a Doſe, and I am as looſe as a Purge can make me, be I never ſo Hide bound. That *Paul Diack* too, with his Confounded *Huſſars* is the Devil of a Fellow, I would as ſoon Truſt my ſelf with the King of *Polands* Bears, or the Czar of *Muſcovy*'s Butchers or Executioners, as come within a League of him, and Count *Davia*, like a Son of a Bitch as he is, Chop'd upon mine and the Duke of *Mantua*'s Equipage, and rubb'd off with our Plate, Jewels, and other Knicknacks of Ineſtimable Value.

Thanks to Powder and Bullet, the Rake *Commerci* is ſtep'd aſide into another World to fling a Main in, and I need not ſtand in fear of his Playing at Seven and Eleven with my Officers his Priſoners. The Champion is as Dead as a Door Nail, and I am no more

more afraid of him now, than a *Dutchman* at the Picture of the Duke *d'Alva*, or an *Engliſh* Slave at the Sign of the *Sarazens* Head. He Fought like a Dragon, that's for certain, not that I ſaw him, for the Duke of *Mantua* and I were a Playing at Boe-peep with the Enemy far enough off, but two or three of my Generals that gave me an Account of him, held Spirits of Harts Horn at their Noſes, for fear of Sounding at the Remembrance of the Slaughter he made amongſt 'em.

I muſt needs ſet up for a Diviner, with this Paper Scull of mine, and pretend to Prognoſticate what would never come to paſs; Muſt write to *Vendoſm*, muſt I? with a Pox to him, and amidſt other Compliments, lay my Commands on him to deſiſt from Beating the Enemy any farther till my Arrival. If this be Victory, What a Plague is it to be Conquer'd? Certainly that's a State of Life that's far from the Confines of Damnation.

'Slife, I could pull a Crow with my Grandfather for his Advice, marry could I, but the uncertainty of my Affairs will not permit it, becauſe I may have an occaſion to make uſe of his Dominions

nions for Shelter, after the Loſs of my own. This Battle of *Luzara*; this Conqueſt we have Teiz'd Heaven with Thankſgivings for, has made a *Jeſt* of my *Serious* Meditations, and Render'd me the Laughing-ſtock of all *Chriſtendom*.

I no more thought of any Reſiſtance from the *Germans*, than the Man in the Moon, and had Order'd my Hunting Horſes to be got ready, in order to drive them out of *Italy*: But as ill Luck would have it, they were of another Opinion, and wholly Poſſeſs'd with the Spirit of Contradiction. Would they Budge, Brother of mine, think you? Not an Ace, By the Maſs, but fell upon us like Lyons, drove us back that came to purſue them, and made Minc'd Meat of the Flower of my Army.

Were you to ſee how much like Fools *Vendoſm* and I have look'd upon one another ſince, you would be ready to ſplit your Sides. A Curſe on 'em, cries he, I'll have no more Dealing with thoſe Sons of Whores, they are meer Negromancers, and Play at *Back-Gammon* with the Devil; Agreed, ſays your Brother *Phill.* a Match with all my Heart,

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Heart, let us Decamp immediately, for they look very ſcurvily as if they deſign'd to Attack us.

Not but we have Entrench'd our ſelves to a Miracle, and are ſeemingly Impregnable amidſt Ditches and Moraſſes; but what are Ditches and Moraſſes to Men who can run up Mountains like Cats, and make nothing ſeem Impervous or Impoſſible? They muſt Cut off our Rear, that's beyond all manner of Diſpute, and what's that to me? Let the Fellows take care of themſelves, I'll provide for one, and be ſure to be in the Van and out of Gunſhot.

But a Courier has brought me word this very Minute, my Grandfather has Order'd Poſt Horſes to be laid for me to return to my Dominions at a Minutes Warning, by the way of *France*; and *Porto Carero* has given me all the Aſſurance his Conſternation would permit him to give, That unleſs I make the beſt of my way to *Madrid*, the Duke of *Ormond* will be there before me. He calls the *Engliſh* and *Dutch*, Hereticks, and the Devil and all of hard Names. What's that to me? I ſuppoſe they will be ſo Civil as not to make me a Cuckold, and if my Wife be but my own, e'en

let

let them do what they will with my Troubleſome Kingdoms, he buys them very dear, that makes ſo many weary Steps as I have made for 'em.

However, Neceſſity has no Law, and I muſt ſhew my ſelf in Perſon at *Madrid*, that have made ſuch an indifferent Figure in *Italy*, or for my Diſobedience to my Lord and Maſter, for I am but his Deputy, have not a Foot of Land of my own to hide my Head in. Well, I'll venture my ſelf once more, come what will of it, tho' I loſe Leather by the Bargain, though Prince *Eugene*'s King-Catchers come within an Inch of me again, and lie every where in wait for me.

No Body queſtions but *Cales* is loſt, and *Cevil* by this time is gone after it; ſo much the better, ſay I, for I never liked the *Spaniards* all my Lifetime, and it may be an Occaſion of my Return to *Paris* again, and make me live at Eaſe in a Court that ſuits my Genius and Inclination. But I muſt ſo manage Affairs as to take Old *Porto Carero* with me, for it would be highly unjuſt in me to leave him to the Rage of the Multitude, that has Damn'd his Soul for me, and Swore him

himſelf black in the Face to prove the Legality of my Succeſſion.

Once a King, always a King, ſay I, and the Proverb will ſtand by me when my Subjects have left me; and the worſt come to the worſt, I can but Play at *Tennis*, and go a *Shooting* with the Young Gentleman at St. *Germains*. I promiſed him, I remember, when I took my Leave of him, to Reſtore him to the Throne of *England*, but I have an Evaſion to ſave my Bluſhes when e're I ſee him, and that is, No Man can *Reſtore* a Perſon to what he never *Poſſeſſed*.

So much by way of Epiſtle, and now to Drink a Stirrup Cup with my Diſconſolate Generals, while my Grooms are Saddling my Horſes for me to Ride after my Dominions, with which, for all that I ſee, are making PoſtHaſt from me. But before I get into the Saddle, I cannot but Communicate a Paper of the ſame Nature as you favour'd me with in Yours, and which a Monk, now in Irons, has thought fit to diſperſe about the Camp. Without doubt the Wits give themſelves Airs at *Paris*, and you will oblige me in your next Packet with a Bundle or two Directed to

Mad.

Madrid, if the Enemy are not in Poſſeſſion of it.

The Coupe d'Eſclat.

A

BALLAD.

A Kid of a Prince had a Whim in his Brain,
To Bluſter, Talk Big, and to make a Campaign,
As his Courtiers and Pimps, Slaves, Ruffians and Teizers,
Gave about he was Braver than all the Twelve *Cæſars*,
And according to Cuſtoms of Heroes in Story,
Laid his Leg o're his Horſe in purſuit of bright Glory.

But before we go on, it is juſt you ſhould hear
That this Potentate's Title was not o're above Clear,

And

And another laid Claim to the Crowns
he Poſſeſs'd,
Reſolv'd to diſpute whoſe Pretenſions
were beſt,
Though with Handfuls of Men he
kept Armies at Bay,
And his Troops ſtood in need of
Proviſions and Pay.

Aid de Con, ſaid the King, *tell my*
Couſin Vandoſme,
I will, that he ſtrike not a Stroke till I
come,
For by all that is Sacred in Spain *or in*
France,
He that Pays all the Fiddlers, ſhould
make one in the Dance,
And it's well put in Practice both there
and both here,
That the Keeper comes in at the Death
of the Deer.
And away Rid the Courier with his
Orders in Hand,
To give the Stern Duke the Sage
Word of Command,
Who with much ado did not the Bat-
tle begin,
Like a Daſtard more Furious the more
he's held in

When

When at last the Bold Monarch the Camp does approach,
As sleek as a Hair and as sound as a Roche.
Having slip'd from the Sparks, Ascents, and in Flats,
That way-laid him to send him to his Kinsman at *Gratz.*

Honest Coz. you may see, I am come to you at last,
And I give you my Thanks from my Soul for what's past,
For my Grandfather tells me I have, marry have I,
A Man that will Match with this Hector of Savoy.
But suppose you and I step'd a little aside,
For Bullets, you know, may unhappily Glide.
And spoil the Discourse *of a Monarch, whose Tongue*
Is never so sweetly, and nicely well Hung:
That Tower methinks about a League from the Guns,
Is a delicate Place for my self and my Dons.

What your Majesty pleases, your Servant Obeys,
I'm not for a Ball of a Foe that will Graze,
And nothing discovers a Judgment that's Deep,
More than this very Choice of a Turret so Steep.

When March is the Word, in the Rear and the Van,
And *Shoulder your Pikes and your Musquets each Man,*
As they Filed off by Sound of Drum, Trumpet and Clarion,
Like a parcel of Ravens to Feast upon Carrion.

But see how Dame Fortune puts Rubs in their way,
And the Guests that would be, are themselves made the Prey;
Galt— *Diack*'s upon 'em with his Cursed Hussars,
As Fierce all as Lyons, and Cloath'd all like Bears,
And the Enemies Army Advancing in Order,
Makes their *Out-Guards*, like Wretches Expiring, cry *Murder*;

While

While every *Batallion* had a Share in the Fight,
And *Squadrons* as ghaſtly prepar'd all for Flight,
But their King, like a Man, ſtands afar off in Sight.

Their King, that's the Word, they would fly, but his Name
Makes 'em *ſtand*, and *draw up*, and *make ready* for Shame.
While they fall, by their *Firing* whom they came to *Attack*,
And Retreating, Receive their Deaths Wounds in their *Back*.
As Thouſands on Thouſands, in Cluſters are laid,
And the *Fields* look like *Mountains* with Heaps of the Dead,
As the *Germans* Victorious lead on to the Fight,
And the *French* that Survive, owe their Lives to the Night.

God a Mercy, cry'd Philip, *it is well it's no worſe*,
We had ſurely been Kill'd all, both Foot and both Horſe,

But, as Good Luck would have it, that drop'd from the Clouds,
Ton' Darkneſs *has ſav'd all our Fugitive Crouds,*
It's as plain as the Noſe on my Face Heavens free *'em,*
Wherefore Light up ſome Candles, and Chant out Te Deum;
In the mean time, I charge ye, both Spaniards *and* French,
Take your Spades in your Hands, and to Work, and Entrench,
For it's Nonſenſe all over, both my Kinſman and I know,
That an Army Preſerv'd by Aſſiſtance Divino,
Should preſumptuouſly dare to Expoſe what it Gave,
Or Venture thoſe Lives which it thought fit to Save.

As for my Part, however, I'm Gaul'd and have Rid,
My Grandfather ſays I muſt Home to Madrid,
And a while lay aſide the ſtern Looks of a Hero,
To Conſult on Affairs with Old Porto Carero,

Lay

Lay my Head in his Lap, while he
ſcratches my Pate,
And ſend out my Writs to Aſſemble the
State,
For I'm told notwithſtanding this Grace
from the Heavens,
My Dominions in Spain *lie at Sixes and*
Sevens,
And Heretical *Troops land in Swarms on*
my Coaſt,
Wherefore Sirs, Adieu, I muſt Home by
the Poſt.

And Adieu, could *Italia* but ſpeak,
Sh' had return'd,
Her Towns are all Ranſack'd, her
Houſes all Burn'd,
Her Cities Unpeopled, her Vineyards
Deſtroy'd,
And her Liberty Loſt, with the Rights
ſhe Enjoy'd,
Becauſe thou muſt ſtart up for a Soeptre
and Throne,
And by Force take Poſſeſſion of Crowns
not thy own.

Now Younker Preſent your Rich
Gifts and your Jennit,
The Pope will Accept them, or the
Devil is in it,

The *Venetians* will Truckle and Yield up their Seas,
And the Count *de Tholouſe* do whatever he'll Pleaſe,
Provided that's Truth all your Courtiers Relate,
And theſe are your *Conqueſts*, and this is your State.

But in Vain does Old *Lewis* with his Fiſtula in Ano,
Huff and Bounce, and ſay *Yes*, when the People all ſay *No*,
In Vain does he Boaſt of your Trophies and Laurels,
And proteſts that you Thrive by your Scuffles and Quarrels,
Your Neighbours at laſt ſee the Right from the Wrong,
And the Deity minds not your Thanks nor your Song,
Since *Eugene*'s Oblations are Receiv'd by the Skies,
And the Saints that dwell there have no Reliſh for Lyes.

What a Pox do they care for your Muſical Treats?
Impoſtors alone, Love Impoſtors and Cheats.

Rather

Rather Sigh for the Loſs of your
Trinckets and Baubles,
And Beſeech your kind Stars for an
End to your Troubles,
That *Davia* no more may bruſh off with
your Mules,
While your Guards ſtand a Gaping and
Staring like Fools,
That your Arms may not again meet
with this Years Miſhaps,
Nor your Generals be Caught in your
Towns as in Traps.

This would look like plain Dealing,
and a Sign of ſome Grace,
But where has plain Dealing been ſeen
in your Race?
E'en take your own Courſe, follow
what you've begun,
While your Chaplains and Prieſts, and
your Biſhops *Sing* on,
Make Bonefires and hang out your
Lights in your Streets,
And put on your ſelf in your Peoples
Conceits,
The Times are now come, if the Times
you would Seize,
For Occaſions of making Rejoycings
like theſe,

When you may be provided with
Themes for your Songs,
And hold up our *Hearts* by Employing
our *Tongues*,
Since none can deny but a Prince who
ſo Mad is,
May as well Sing *Te Deum* for the
Taking of *Cadiz*.

Yours, &c.

Je Le Roy.

Tom Double *to his Brother* Under-Spur-Leather *in the Country.*

By *J*-- *W*-- Eſq;

IT's Agreed of all Hands, Dear *Whig-love*, that we have loſt the Day, but what of that? It's your Buſineſs yet to keep your Station, and Continue

tinue in the Place where our Noble Friends have fix'd you. Miſchief may be done ſtill, and there are other Places to bring Matters to bear in beſides St. *Stephen*'s Chappel. Other Counties have Slighted us enough, but Mr. G——*ill* and Mr. *B*—*ller* have Play'd the Devil with our Party in the County of *Cornwal*, by their Church of *England* Intereſt, as the *Unſound* call it. One might have thought, you might have ſtuck in an Obſtacle or two, and hinder'd the Firſt from flinging out of the Liſt of Parliament ſix of our beſt Friends, or given ſome Obſtruction to the Latter, in his being either made Choice of himſelf, or in the Election of thoſe he put up.

But in all Changes of Government, Things run on with a high Hand at firſt, and you can as ſoon Still the Winds, or bridle the Fury of the Ocean, as ſtop the Raging of the Multitude in its full Career. We have Money enough to Maintain us, and lie quiet till Matters Cool, and come again into their Natural Courſe, and thanks to our ſlippery Fingers in the late Miniſtry, we are not without wherewithal when this Nine Days Wonder

Wonder ceaſes, and the People are gone Home to their Homes, to call 'em out again, and Purchaſe a Mutiny of any Price whatſoever.

Sedition, Boy, Sedition is thy known Tallent, and a Whiſper or two in a Country Fellow's Ear, with a Piece of Gold in his Hand, will do Miracles. Your Inſtructions therefore that bear this Company, and are Sign'd with the Signets of the Committee of Riots and Tumults, are nicely to be Obſerved, and put in Execution. The way for us and our Noble Friends to come again into Play, is to put on the Appearance of Sanctity, ſeem moderatly Inclin'd, and pretendedly Affected to Church and State, though we Hate both, and Wiſh nothing more than either's Ruine.

You are a while to Commend the Proceedings of that Parliament, whoſe Elections you have hitherto Oppos'd, and Inſinuate your ſelf by Degrees into the Converſation and Affections of thoſe People that have been your chiefeſt Enemies, till Matters Ripen, and the Seaſon gives you an Opportunity of coming to Action. *This Gentleman is our Friend,* ſays the Mob in

a

a Trice, *Come, Sir, Here's a Health to the Queen and Parliament*; Drink it, tho' it goes down like the Poyſon of Aſps with you, and give 'em to underſtand with what a Sincerity you Wiſh the Continuance of the Government, and the Three Eſtates now Aſſembled at *Weſtminſter*.

However you may give a Sigh by the By, and ask 'em whether they have heard the News, tell 'em you are loath to give Credit to it, but if you are in *Devonſhire*, *Gloceſterſhire*, *Somerſetſhire*, or any of the Cloathing Countries, that you have it from Good Hands That the Members belonging to thoſe Counties are great Sticklers againſt the Woollen Manufacture; If you keep your Reſidence in *Cornwal*, or *Wales*, That you are well Aſſur'd, Lead and Tin will be Declar'd Contraband Goods, this Seſſion, and a Penalty put on ſuch as preſume to Work in the Mines; If in *Torkſhire*, That Horſe Racing will be out of Doors, and that there muſt be no ſuch thing in Being as a Collier or a Jocky after ſuch a time, becauſe of an Act of Parliament in Agitation, for People to Burn Wood, and Walk a Foot; and the like in other Countries,

as

as you ſee their Genius and way of Trade.

This will infallibly put the whole Kingdom into a Fit of Petitioning, and conſequently we may have Room to Hope for another Diſſolution, ſince without doubt the Parliament will again Aſſert their own Priviledges, and not permit themſelves to be Preſcrib'd to, by a Parcel of Senſeleſs Fellows that know nothing of the Matter.

This is the Effect of our Conſultations for Ways and Means to get into the Miniſtry again, it's left to you to acquaint your Deputies therewith, as Occaſion ſhall offer. But you expect to hear how Things are at *London*, and whether the Dice run ſo low on the Party's Side as they have done in the Country.

Why truly, I wiſh your Country Chaps were ſo well Affected to the Cauſe, and that you had no more Reaſon to Complain than we have, tho' Sir *Sam. Daſhood* is at laſt got into the Chair, and our General Officers that Appeared like ſo many *Paul Diacks*, or Prince *Eugenes*, muſt henceforth, if they deſign to Appear at *Bunhill-Fields*, or the *Artillery Ground*, turn their Canes,

or

or Battoons of Command, into Pikes and Firelocks.

We have ſtill the ſame Countenance, though we have not the ſame Encouragment, and make uſe of the Gift of Toleration after the ſame Method as formerly. We Buz Scandal about againſt the preſent Government like ſo many Bees, and in a little time are likely to get up again. One of our Men of *Healing Principles*, as we call Sores of the Nation, has ſqueez'd himſelf into the Company of three Church Members of Parliament, and great Matters are expected from him, if his ſlow way of Speech will give him leave to Cackle for a Comprehenſion.

Though at the ſame time, in the Cloſe of this Letter which requires Diſpatch, the very Life and Soul of the Party, the Infallible Lord of *S*— has juſt now Pack'd up his Awls, and Received his Credentials for an Embaſſy to the States in the Infernal Regions. Such a Loſs cannot be made Amends for under a General, and it's my Opinion, that we Diſſemble with Heaven on account of the Death of this Great Artiſt in Diſſemulation.

Our

Our Mercenaries have been a little ſparing in their Pamphlets of late, and have not had a Meeting at the King's Head in *Holbourn* for ſome time, ſo that you muſt content your ſelf till another Occaſion with what the Adverſe Party gives out about us, and make Obſervations on the Uſage we are to expect from 'em, by what they have ſaid on our Noble Friend in the following Paper of Verſes, by way of Elegy on the Subject of our Chiefeſt Expectations, the late E— of *S*———

Judas ariſe, thy Gloomy Seat Reſign,
Room for a Sinner's Soul as Black as thine,
He comes, he comes, thy Rival in *Deceit*,
Oh! had he been the Partner of thy Fate!
Dy'd, as he ſhould, before his Injur'd Lord
Had Reaſon to ſuſpect him at the Board,
Before Three Kingdoms to Confuſion brought
Reveal'd the *Servant's*, not the *Maſter's* Fault.

The

The Royal Exile had not Croſs'd the Deep
And made us ever Mourn, and ever Weep,
Left *Albion* to Lament Her Sons *Diſgrace*,
And Sigh for Wrongs were done to *Stuarts* Race,
As Natives choſe with Foreigners to joyn,
But we had kept our *Prince* and kept our *Coyn*.

But Tears are Fruitleſs, and our Wiſhes Vain,
We loſt the Bleſſings of his Golden Reign,
Bleſſings which none, but ſuch a Saint could give,
And as we ceaſs'd t' Obey, he ceas'd to Live,
Hurry'd to Joys above, from Grief below,
His Pleaſures more Tranſcendent than his Woe,
As Heavenly Crowns for Earthly make Amends,
And Faithful Angels, for Unfaithful Friends.

Thou

Thou for our Good againſt thy
Lord didſt ſide,
And but for thee, we all had *Sinn'd*
and *Dy'd*,
Had ſurely fall'n in our Forefathers
Guilt,
But for the Precious Blood thy Treach'ry
Spilt.
When *S*——*nd*, Superior in Offence,
Ruin'd us all by Ruining his Prince,
Deny'd his God, his Maſter to Betray,
And made us to the worſt of Foes a Prey;
Ridiculous Abroad, and Fools at
Home,
That brought *John Calvin* in to Conquer *Rome*!
As he put on the Patriots ſpecious
Name,
And Truck'd his *King* and *Conſcience*
for *our Shame*.

Such be the Fate of thoſe that Kings
Deceive,
As this falſe Peer's for whom we cannot Grieve,
For whoſe departure not an Eye is
wet,
But thoſe who Mourn his dying in
their debt.

Not

Not, that the Muſe ſo unmerciful would ſeem,
As to ſhew mercy to a Fiend like Him,
Or wiſh Betrayers of their Country Dead
Like Men of worth and Honour in their Bed;
Far be the Wiſh and diſtant the Deſire,
Vengeance is Heav'ns and Vengeance Heav'ns require.
Racks, Axes, Gibbets, Halters, be their Fate,
So Death but come, Death come at any rate.
It leav's us Eaſy, when it ſnatche's Hence
Men full of Miſchief as they're full of Senſe,
Able to finiſh Harms they dare begin,
And impiouſly ſucceſsful in their Sin.

Bradſhaw as Judge paſs'd Sentence on his King,
But *Bradſhaw*'s crime was quite another thing,
He from the firſt abhorr'd the Regal name,
And in his Principles was ſtill the *ſame*,
Still carry'd on the Cauſe he took in Hand,
An Imp to ſuch a Devil as S——

Shaftsbury next th' Experiment would try,
And dar'd his Monarch as he dar'd the Sky
Trod in the ſteps which his Forefathers choſe,
Open and ſtill declar'd againſt his Foes,
Curſing the ſacred Prince whome others bleſs'd,
And ſhew'd his Tympany of Hate confeſs'd,
As he for Anarchy reveal'd his Thirſt,
And his Laſt link of life was like his Firſt.

But what are theſe (tho' theſe have to their ſhames
Deſerv'd the ſharpeſt Pains, and Hotteſt Flames)
To One that's read in ev'ry trick of State,
Without all Friendſhip, and *within* all Hate?
Honeſt in ſpeech, but in Performance Baſe,
Deform'd as much in Mind as in his Face,
A Lord in Title with a Taylor's Mien,
A Saint when ſhewn, a Devil when Unſeen

Methinks

Methinks I ſee him carry'd in his Chair,
His Looks compos'd, amidſt his inmoſt Care,
His Peruke Set in Form, and Nicely to a Hair.
The ſtar and Ribbond dazling at his Side,
In form all Meekneſs, but in Fact all Pride.
Studious and calm th' unhallow'd Stateſman ſits,
And meditates on Choice of ills by fits.
How to Unhinge or Change the preſent Scene,
And bring in Knaves to Court where Knaves have been,
Or bent on different Thoughts for different ends,
Employ'd in ſafe Advice to give his Freinds,
Should Parliaments *long Hands* attempt to Reach
At heads once more, they once Thought fit, t'Impeach.

And theſe Alone have reaſon to repine,
His death has baſely baulk'd a late deſign.
In vain has Coach and ſix with Leeſh of Beers,
Drove down to A—p to diſcloſe their Fears,

And lay their heads together, to prevent
Enquiries from another Parliament.

Yonder the Sage in Death's embraces
lies,
Unable now to ſpeak or to adviſe,
Loſt is their Journey, in his Life that's
ſpent,
And they're come back as wiſe as e'er
they went.

There' let him lie, he there deſerv's
to dwell,
Lord Preſident, if *Pluto* pleaſe, of H—
Nor ſhould I mourn who weep my
Country's Wrong,
And Europes Peace late barter'd for a
Song,
Should thoſe who taught their Maſter *to*
Divide
And Govern, in the ſame Abode reſide,
Good Maxims turn to Bad, if ill apply'd.

Charon perhaps is Batter'd out of Caſe
And would Reſign his *Flag*, and *Adm'rals* Place;
Old *Maynard* may be wearied by the *Seal*,
And for *Quietus eſt* at Court Appeal
And ten to one but we can find a P—
To manage *Caſh* below as well as here,

And

And give as juſt Accounts as e're he gave,
For who can ſhew a Lord that is a Knave?

If things go ſo, as Matters rightly ſhou'd,
And People there muſt *Bake*, as here they *Brew'd*
Remember, *Judas*, if that Office falls,
Let *H—ds Solicitor* be Sr J— H—
Your Council, for of Saints I cannot ſpeak ill,
Honeſt, approv'd, deep Learned S—nt J—

Yours, &c.

Tom. Double.

Whiglove's *Anſwer.*

By the ſame Hand.

GOd a mercy Maſter Double, ſay I, this is not a Time to give our ſelves up to Melancholy, though unfore-

ſeen Accidents have interven'd, and put aſide the Scheme of Affairs we had ſo happily drawn in the Concluſion of the late Reign. I was always of opinion that immoderate Grief was never good for Fat Folks, and moſt of us, you know, that have had fourteen Years to pick up our Fleſh in, are as Plump as Plenty can make us.

Believe me, it has not been want of Diligence on my ſide, that you have hitherto received no better News than what the Exigencies of our preſent Circumſtances allow me to ſend; I have made as good Uſe of Gold and Silver as it could be put to, and have ſcatter'd it as freely, as if I had been retain'd on the ſide of the Proverb to prove, *Lightly come, Lightly gone.* But the Devil's in the Fellows, I think, all the Cry is, *We'll be of Queen* Ann's *Side, marry will we, She's the beſt Woman in the Kingdom,* and the *Party that is moſt in Her Intereſt, muſt of Conſequence be the Beſt.*

Hearing of Her Majeſty's Deſign to Viſit the *Bath,* I was reſolv'd to make ſome Obſervations on Her Reception in the Places She paſs'd thro' in Her Journey thither, but I ſoon wiſh'd my

my ſelf back again, when I ſaw how Cordially the People of both Sexes, and of all Ages and Degrees paid their Reſpects to Her. I was ready to Curſe my Eye-ſight for beholding an Object ſo diſtaſtful to it, and the joyful Acclamations of every ſtander by, but my ſelf, was Death in the Higheſt Degree. *You, Son of a Whore, you,* ſaid I to my Right-Hand Man, *Where a Plague was you Bred, that you Affront a Lady of Her Majeſty's Quality with your Whoops and your Hallows?* Do you think She was Bred in a Mill, and be Damn'd to you? And is ſo Deaf that She can't hear you without ſtretching your Throats after this Unmerciful Rate? Leſs Noiſe, and more Manners, or the Queen will have you laid by the Heels, I'll tell you that.

A *Jacobite, a Jacobite,* ſaid the Fellow next to Me, *Away with him to the next Pond, by the Maſs. A Pretty ſort of an impudent Dog, to Check us in our Joys for our Gracious Queen's arrival;* and if I had not clap'd Spurs to my Horſe, I had certainly underwent the Diſcipline of the Place, for being ſo unſeaſonable in my Advice to them, while I ought to have been better adviſ'd my ſelf.

Were you to ſee how indefatigable I am in my daily endeavours for the Service of our Noble Friends, you would Pity me amidſt my ſtruggling againſt the *Strivings* of the People. There is not a diſcontented Man within a hundred Miles of me, but I pay him a viſit of Condoleance, and whet him up to a continuance of that Temper he has ſo Luckily fall'n into; not a *Miniſter of the Goſpel*, but I by putting his hand into mine, ſo faſhion his Soul, that he ſpeaks my Senſe in an inſtant, and interprets the Scripture according to my Explication, be the pretended word of God never ſo inconſiſtent with the Holy Penman's true Meaning.

About a Fortnight ſince, one of the Preachers in my Pay, receiv'd orders from me, with two Pieces in the Letter to Harrangue a certain Corporation that had been too Loyal in my opinion in making Choice of Members which were Zealous for the Ceremonies of the Church, and after the Queen's own Heart. The words of the Text were, *Is there any evil in the City which the Lord has not done?* Brethren, ſaid the Pulpiteer; there is no queſtion to be made, but you have heard this Text

explain'd

explain'd to you before this time, and Concur with the Commentators on the Interpretation of this Piece of Sacred Writ, that this *Malum Pœnæ*, as they call it, *The Evil of Puniſhment*, comes upon Sinners permiſſively from God. But the Almighty is himſelf *actually* angry with this rough for the offences lately committed againſt him, in rejecting the two Members of Parliament he propos'd to Your choice, by the Hands of his Servant, Your Paſtor and Teacher. He has brought this evil upon you, he has been in perſon the efficient Cauſe of the Feavor now amongſt us, the Author of it, in order to bring you back to Your ſelves again at the next day of Election, that you be no longer a *Stumbling Block* to the choſen People of Iſrael.

You can't imagine the Effect this pitiful Diſcourſe had upon the Multitude, Away goes Mrs Mayoreſs to her Husband. Dear Mr. Mayor, invite the good Man to dinner, is the next word, and the corporation Mens Wives are in ſuch a Ferment, that they ſimper till they are ready to Boyl over with Commendations of the Doctors way of delivering ſelf.

My Good Man, I'll engage for him, ſays

ſays one, he ſhall have no Hand for the future in calling down Judgments upon us, and I wiſh I may be hang'd if I did not think there was ſomething more than ordinary in the Matter, when my Boy *Johny* fell ſick of a ſudden, without any notice of it, cry's another; till the Silly Fellows their Husbands were forc'd to promiſe to give their Votes for ſuch as the Parſon ſaid would keep away the Sickneſs from 'em for the time to come.

Your Inſtructions came very well tim'd, and I hope I have deſerv'd ſo well of the Gentlemen that drew 'em up, as to make 'em think they ſhall be put in execution to the Minuteſt Article. One repulſe ſhall never Baulk a Man of my intrepidity, *Audaces Fortuna Juvat*, is the word, and a Fig for thoſe that cannot make a ſecond attack, after being diſſapointed in the firſt. I will make a Lodgment at laſt, or be Buried in the Ruines of the Place, I fix my Battery againſt.

But Mony Mr Double, the French Kings Key to the Confederate Fortreſſes, muſt not be wanting; and ſince my Hand's in at *Latin* by diſcourſing the Countrey Parſons, I muſt deal ingenuouſly

nuously with you, and fling in another ſcrap by informing you that *Fundo ſuſpirat Nummus in imo.* Our hundred Pound Bags are brought to fifty, and out of 30000. l. Collected for the Publick Uſe, there are but Three remaining in my Hands. And among us to loſe a ſheep for a half penny worth of Tar, is the Devil.

You know I muſt have Poundage, or I ſhall fail of my dexterity in fingering the Pelf when we come in Play again. Conſider my employment is Painfull, and a Man that keeps Company with the Saints, and is in private with 'em, muſt ſpend his mony, or all the Fat will be in the Fire. Sack holds up at two ſhillings a Bottle, and your *Briſtol* Sherry, muſt be of the beſt price, or the Aldermens Wives will never be perſuaded to wheedle their Husbands out of the Duty they promis'd the Queen, at her honouring them with her Royal preſence in thoſe parts.

Now I talk of *Briſtol*, it puts me in Mind of a Copy of Verſes handed about here, one *Bonny* a Printer, they ſay, had 'em ſent him from ſome body or other in that Town, and probably they may be as new to you, as yours have been to me, which our Friends in theſe parts have ſhewn the utmoſt abhorrence of, tho'

tho' at the ſame time, I wiſh I knew the Author, for he ſeems to be a Man of Bitter Principles, and adapted much, to our Purpoſe, would he turn his pen, and like the reſt of his Brethren, write *Pro* and *Con.*

I ſpeak about the Lines on the E— of S—, as to our Country Diſticks, they run after the following Title and Manner.

The Court Reformation.

GReat Zeal in Reforming was ſhew'd the late Reign,
But our Wiſer Reformers were puzled in vain,
The rules they preſcrib'd us to model the Nation,
Being quite the Wrong end of a true Reformation.
'Tis true we moſt ſagely cry'd Popery down;
But at the ſame time were by Whigs over run,
The Mitre was tumbling, the Nation undone;
And we ſuffer'd thoſe ills, till it came to that Paſs
The Church was revil'd while Diſſenters found Grace. While

While Saints in Pretence with their Faces awry,
Gave their Hearts, and their Tongues, and their Actions the Lye,
As diviſions and Schiſms were the Favourites in Chief,
And Men of no *Faith* were eſteem'd for *Belief*,
As *Calvin*, and *Luther*, and the reſt of that Sort,
Were receiv'd all like Angels in City and Court,
And abundance of Poſtures and Whims in devotion,
Made Religion appear no where elſe but in Motion.

Our pious Lay-Elders kept a Ratling and Roaring,
To cry down the ſin of *Adult'ry* and *Whoring*,
But all to no purpoſe for their words were but Wind,
And their Teachers themſelves have been fleſhly inclin'd,
Elſe he that dares ſay that a *Biſhops-gate* Paſtor,
Had a Baſtardly ſort of a Sinners Diſaſter,

Belyes the Goodman, counted ſober and ſound,
And who ne'r ſows his ſeed in another-Man's Ground.
So for want of Example their Zeal was in Vain,
And we ſtill did relapſe to our Vices again.

Our Youth were train'd up like a parcel of Fools,
And went out of the Road in purſuit of their rules,
By the Means of their Guides loſt in Darkneſs and Night,
And wiſely miſtaking things wrong for things right.
But thoſe of more ſenſe ſaw how matters were varied,
How Precepts grew lame, and good Manners miſcarried.
How Canaan (once bleſs'd) grew a Diſſolute Land,
And the People amus'd, were like Sheep at a ſtand;
Had their Zealous Reformers but ſhew'd them the way
They all might have follow'd, not wander'd Aſtray.

How Foreigners fed on her Milk
and her Honey,
How Knaves by Aſſurance, and Fools
by their Money,
Were rais'd to Preferment and Places
of Truſt,
But Merit deny'd to the Wiſe and the
Juſt.
How Canaan too long under this Bur-
then ſtood,
A Nation deſign'd ſuperficialy Good,
Only Zealous in ſhew, and true Virtue
neglected,
Some Vices encourag'd, and others Pro-
tected.
Thus often Quack Doctors do Patch up
a Sore,
But leave the wound Gangreen'd and
rotten at the Core.

How our Senators too had a Natu-
ral Itch
T'oppreſs the poor Natives and favour
the Rich,
How Laws were provided to puniſh
ſmall Cheats,
But none left in force to make them
pay their Debts.

How

How theſe Greivances long unregarded
did Paſs,
How Knaves were encourag'd, and
Fools were in Place,
How Canaan too long was a Sufferer
in this,
Her Laws all abus'd and her Monarch
Remiſs.

But *Anne*, in whoſe Reign we are
wiſely protected,
Judg'd the Heart was in Pain, while
the Limbs were infected,
And therefore reſolv'd new examples
to ſet,
By Reforming the Church to begin at
the State,
So a cure ſh' has apply'd to our Ling-
ring Diſeaſe,
And the Remedy ſoon will our Mur-
m'ring appeaſe
For ne're, to be ſure, can the Govern-
ment fail,
Where honeſty, Virtue, and merit pre-
vail,
Her Prudence alone ſuch a Change could
have wrought
So much above Thanks, and ſo much above
Thought.

No

No more muſt gay Fools at Preferment aſpire,
Or Baſtard be rais'd for the Deeds of his Sire,
No Loon of a *Stot* for *Rebellion* be made
The *Chief* of a Church which he falſely betray'd,
Or advanc'd high in Grandeur ſit cloſe by the Helm,
As a Pilot for thoſe whom he fain would o're whelm,
No *S——n——nd* riſe by the fall of his Lord,
Or blacken his ſoul to be call'd to the Board,
No *Wh——n* give Judgment in Stateſmens Affairs,
Nor *H*—wrigle his Head among theirs,
Who have known him too well to admit him once more,
That is ſwell'd to a *L——d* by our Running on ſcore.

No ignorant Peer be prefer'd in the State,
And by Bribery and Cheating grow Vicious and Great,
Nor Extravagant Courtier be ſhelter'd from debt.

No Sycophant now ſhall at Court be Careſs'd,
Nor Fools with fine Titles and Favours be Grac'd.

No tampering Prieſt for pluralities ſtand,
Nor run-away Lord be adorn'd with Command
No Arrogant Fop that ſome Fool recommends,
Grow rude to his Betters, and Strange to his Friends:
No Lubberly ſquire from Dung hill and Dirt,
In hopes of Preferment to Town ſhall Reſort
Nor ſell in the *Country* to purchaſe at *Court.*

No Cherrycheek'd Girl, ſhew her Bubbies and Face,
Whoſe Father in hopes ſhe'll find Favour and Grace
Dips his Acres to get her a Maiden Heads Place.
No Limber-ham Lord ſhall at Kept whores Petition
Prefer her Relations to Court, and Commiſſion,

No

No Noblemens By-blows be Ladys of Honour,
Nor Orphans, nor Heirs any more be undone there.

Now Court Hangers-on find it vain to be Dull,
Since merit alone, not intereſt ſhall rule,
Now whigs ſhall again put on ſorrow-full Faces,
Having mourn'd for the *King* they muſt mourn for their *Places*,
Whores, Panders, and Buffoons will find to their Coſt
Their Quietus's ſign'd, and their Purchaſes loſt.

Then *Canaan* rejoyce in Your Generous Queen,
Since nothing but Goodneſs at Court ſhall be ſeen;
To Heav'n and Bright Anna Your Oblations prefer,
For the old Golden Age is reviving in her,
Her Prudence alone ſuch a Change could have wrought,
So much above Thanks, and ſo much above Thought.

Old Saturns fam'd Times ſeem again
to draw near,
And our *Hopes* have at laſt got the beſt
of our *Fear*,
As a Princeſs that's Engliſh fills En-
glands high Throne,
By *Birth*, by *Religion*, by *Affection* our
Own:
And long may ſhe live what ſhe holds
to maintain,
Superior to France and Superior to
Spain,
As her Armies abroad keep her Ene-
mies in Awe,
And her Fleets far and near to the O-
cean give Law.

I leave You to make proper Refle-ctions on 'em, and to Judge whether there is not ſome truth in the Sub-ſtance of 'em, whatever the Verſification may be. Your Country Squires may not be ſo ready witted as your Court end of Town Writers, but they are more obſtinate, which is the more to my ſorrow who am entruſted with their Converſion.

S— is a ſurprizing Loſs but *H*— and *S*— muſt awaken themſelves, and be the more diligent to ſupply the Want of

of him: Give my moſt dutiful Acknowledgments to 'em, and acquaint 'em, that whatever they command or write, ſhall be punctually obey'd, and diſpers'd by

Your Faithful and moſt oblig'd Servant,

Timothy Whiglove.

John D----by, *the* Phariſaical *Printer*, *to John* T---d *the* Scribe.

IN the Name of *John Milton* of Rebellious memory, and his Seditious *Back*, thy Prophane *Amintor*; what a Murrain ails thee? Not a line theſe 3 Months and upwards to comfort our decay'd Spirits, or revive a Party that is not it ſelf, unleſs thou draw'ſt thy Pen in defence of it! This is inſupportable, and unworthy of thy Profeſſion and Character.

For ſhame, thou Champion of the Good old cauſe, thou *Dymock* in Vindication of Treaſon and Hypocriſy, caſt

an eye upon thoſe whoſe Eyes are upon Thee, and whoſe Expectations are fix'd on the Reſult of thy unwearied Diligence and Study. *Tim. Tyrel* and I have look'd like two Fools together, ever ſince thy Abſence from us; and if it was not for a certain Kinſman of mine, who like the Saint whoſe *Name* he writes himſelf by, *bears the Croſs*, and ſurniſhes the Preſs with Matters of Diſcontent, the Founder, for his part, might take back his Letter again, and my houſe in *B—mew* Cloſe would be as unfrequented by Men of Scandal, as my Pariſh Church is by Men of Morals and Integrity.

Thou knoweſt *John*, what a bleſſed Trade we have driven; and after this Knowledge of thine, can'ſt thou be of ſuch obdurate Principles, ſuch an Uncompaſſionate Temper, as to forget thy old Freind, who next to *Dick Baldwin* that reſts amongſt the Saints (if a turbulent Spirit may be ſaid to do ſo) has encourag'd thee in thy unrighteous Undertakings, has paid thee thy Price to the utmoſt Farthing, has ſhelter'd thee from Pillory and whipping Poſt; and after all the Indignities thy dear Perſon has been threatned with from Parliaments,

ments, Convocations, and Univerſities giv'n thee a Support ſuitable to the malignity of thy Writings, and proportionate to the Name thou haſt gain'd to thy ſelf by 'em amongſt thoſe who contemn Authorities, and ſpeak evil of thoſe who are accuſtom'd to do Good, and have made it their practice in Places of high Truſt and Dignity.

We know the Reaſon's that have carry'd thee from *Dick's* Coffee Houſe to the Court of *Hannover*, but we are ſurpriz'd at thy ſilence in Print at a time when thoſe of a Republican Genius, of thy dearly beloved Conſtitution, are in the utmoſt Confuſion; and Anarchy it ſelf ſeems to ſhake off its diſorder, at the Sight of a Reign ſo regularly carried on, and illuſtrated with ſuch exactneſs and Decency, as is the preſent Adminiſtration.

My Lord of *S*—— openly declares himſelf not a Jot the better for a Viſit he has made, but Money out of Pocket; and for all that we can ſee, there is ſuch a harmony at preſent between the two Courts, that thou wilt ſcarce come back from thy preſent Reſidence with *New Medals*, that ſo little deſerv'd the *Old*.

Would God, say I, the *German* Pawnbrokers had sunk thy Pieces of Antiquity, and her Highnesses Presents were got into the Hands of the Ungodly, like those of other Writers; that thou, like other writers, mightst perform the Duties belonging to thy Station, and set thy self at work to set other People together by the Ears, in this unseasonable Calm and Serenity which the Nation enjoys under the late Change of Government.

Tempests and Storms bring the most Fish to some Peoples Market, and while the Nation is in a Ferment, and discompos'd, then is the time for us, like Common Pilferers, under the Pretence of Putting out the Fire, to run away with other People Rights; to sound the Trumpet for the Preservation of our Liberties and Immunities, while we are a striking at the Foundation of those belonging to the Establish'd Church, and laying the Ax to the Bottom of the Tree to root it out, and extirpate the very Memory of its Being from future Ages.

But whence can Tempests or Storms arise, when that Mouth of the Party which is only capable of raising 'em, is lost in silence, and wholy employ'd; when

when he that gives Being to 'em ſits Idle a-far of, and tho' he may be ſerviceable at home, makes it his Choice to be unſerviceable Abroad, amidſt his Pretences of Zeal and Affection for the Cauſe, he has next to thoſe that maintain him to ſupport it, ſhewn himſelf the Greateſt Promoter of.

Awake then, that I may call in my Journeymen, and make a Hurry in my Way of Buſineſs, precede that of thine; leave a Court that is paſt *Temptation*, for a Kingdom where *Temptation* may have its deſir'd Succeſs, that we may once more in *General* ſit at our Calves Head Feaſts without Moleſtation; and I in *Particular*, ſing Pſalms on a Sunday in my Parlour again; while my Servants in the Garret work Tooth and Nail to get ready Seditious Pamphlets ſoon enough to be cry'd about the Streets next Morning.

The whole Fraternity of Diſſenters entreat it, the Tribe of Bookſellers wiſh it, the Legion of Mutineers Petition for it, and honeſt *Tim*—in a more Particular Manner holds up Both his Hands for it, that your Arrival in theſe Parts, may ennable him to go on with his Voluminous Undertakings, and now his *Bibliotheca*

bliotheca Politica is out of Doors, be aſſiſtant to him in giving Diſturbance to the Learned and Loyal, by ſome other Peſtilential Tracts of the ſame Nature as the Former.

As for my Part, you know my Reſolution, and how ſtrenuouſly I have born the Puniſhments that have been inflicted on Me for Former Things of the ſame Nature of your Compoſitions. Another *Sydneys* Works or *Harringtons Oceana*, would be exquiſitely brought forth for our Purpoſe; and a ſecond Book entitled *Anglia Libera*, with ſome Chains in it for our Antagoniſts would not in the leaſt be diſſagreeable.

But you are never at a Nonplus for a Title, *John Toland*, with *John D*— at the Bottom muſt ſell it, let the Book be what it will; however, that I may more effectually perſwade you to take your Pen in hand, read the Verſes Annex'd to this, and you will as ſoon be out of Humour with *Hannover*, as that Court will have Reaſon to be with you; and if you would not be ſerv'd there as you have be en in your own Country, quit a Place muſt be uneaſy to you after the Following Lines.

A full and true Account of the whole Life and Converſation of *John T—d*, late of the Order of St. *Francis*, now a pretended Enemy to all Chriſtian Order and Diſcipline, in hopes to bring the Nation into the ſame Diſorder, which his Predeceſſors of Impious Memory, brought about in the Year 1641. Publiſh'd to let the World know what he *is*, that the Court of *Hannover* may not beleive him to be what he *is not*.

In falſe Hibernia's Climate firſt
His Dawn of Life began,
A Nation with no Venom curſt,
That had no Poiſon born or Nurs'd
Till in this monſtrous Man.

Whence, having learn'd his Trade apace,
Brought up to Fawn and ſmile,
And furniſh'd with a Brazen face,
Th' Inheritance of Ireland's *Race,*
He left his Native Iſle.

Left it to travel in Pretence
And cultivate his Mind,
To return Homewards fraught with ſenſe
With Reaſon wit and Eloquence
And all the Virtues of his Kind.

But

But other Motives made him chuſe
The Schemes wich he had laid;
Religion was too much in uſe,
And he would not a Moment loſe
To have its Rights betray'd.

Wherefore with Fryer's Hood and Cowl
Amidſt the Prieſts he went,
Uſing their Robes to make his Soul
Appear leſs miſcheivous and foul,
And hide his black Intent.

Thence having ſuck'd whatever cou'd,
Pernicious prove or Baſe,
He flung aſide his Coul and Hood,
And ſtill oppoſing all was good
Found out another Place.

Born amidſt Bogs, to Bogs he fled
And Fens and Quagmires choſe,
Fearleſs to ſhew his wicked head
Amongſt a ſcandalous People bred
To ſide with Virtues foes.

Here undiſguis'd he took a View
Of each diſtinct Perſwaſion,
And picking Doctrines old and new
From all Religious falſe and true
Came back to his own Nation.

And there like Empericks that diſtill
The Juice from Poiſnous Roots,
Something or other falſe and Ill
Was ever dropping from his Quill
To Pervert ſenſeleſs Brutes.

When by Permiſſion rampant Grown,
And mild Adminiſtration,
He ſate up to affront the Throne,
And Heterodox Opinions own
Quite oppoſite to Salvation.

His Country's Senate took to Heart,
The Hereſies he ſpread,
And with Religion taking part,
H' had ſuffer'd Pillory or Cart,
But he from Cenſure fled.

From Dublin *to* Auguſta *Driven,*
He for a while ſate ſtill,
And ſpight of his Malicious Leaven
Nere troubled himſelf with Hell nor Heaven
But look'd and ſtar'd his fill.

Till Grown acquainted with ſome Lords,
That then were Great at Court,
And Kept him at their Beds and Boards,
For blaſphemouſly venting Words,
And making Heav'n a Sport.

Down

Down was the Wretch to Oxford *ſped*
To taint Religion's Streams,
And at bright Learnings Fountain-head,
To ſprinkle Doctrines ſhould miſlead
Her ſons from Learnings Beams.

But all in vain, his old diſguiſe
Here ineffectual prov'd,
And tho' his Countenance preciſe
Had often cheated others Eyes,
From hence he was Remov'd.

As Aldrich, *to his laſting Fame,*
Stood up for Truth's ſupport,
And ſent him back from whence he came,
With Fallacies and Precepts Lame
T' his Friends again at Court.

So Vagrant fares when Wandring Caught
Far off his native home
As he from Town to Town is brought
Expos'd, revil'd and ſet at Naught,
And taught no more to Roam.

His Friends at Court undaunted ſtood
And reſolute to perſiſt,
Knowing their Inſtrument was Good
To bring in Practice Schemes were Lewd,
How're it then had Miſs'd.

And

And first the Fiend was set at Work
To write and turn Blasphemer,
And worse than Unbeleiving Turk,
Or Covenanting man of Kirk
*Disown * his bless'd Redeemer.*

Next, that he might pursue the thread
Of his profane Discourse,
He curs'd his King's devoted Head,
His, King that as a Martyr Bled
And dy'd by Subject's force.

Yet neither Laws of Government
Episcopal or Civil,
Were then made use of to prevent
The Mischief as it Gathering went,
Or stop this Growing Evil.

Though Reformation *was the Cry*
That fill'd our Ruler's Throats,
And Men of seeming Sanctity
Sung Psalms, and whin'd in Places high,
To get the People's Votes.

Though Pye-ball'd Pr—tes *Preached and Pray'd,*
The Nation to deceive,
And Wept for Piety decay'd,
Making Religion seem a Trade
When we had Cause to grieve.

* Christianity not Mysterious.

Till

Till at the laſt the Clergy gain'd
The Right the Church had loſt,
And Spight of Holy Churle *maintain'd,*
Juſtice was not to be reſtrain'd
By Man in aweful Poſt.

As with unheard-of Pains *and Care,*
The Convocation *met,*
And Prolocutor *in the Chair,*
Held the Religious Ballance fair,
And Prieſts in Judgment ſat.

They ſate, but what avail'd their Grief
To ſee Religion's Wrongs,
Or mourn at Atheiſts *Unbelief,*
Or that the Deiſts *rul'd in Cheif?*
They might as well have held their Tongues

No Godlike Anne *the Scepter ſway'd,*
At that Momentous time,
But Piety neglected laid
Helpleſs for want of proper aid
And loſt without a Crime.

Amongſt themſelves were Brethren found
That were the Brethren's ſhame,
Who mercenary and Unſound,
Shrunk back and gave their Enemy Ground,
Surrendring up their Claim.

Such

Such were your Kennet *and your* Wake
That aim'd to be prefer'd,
And writing for their Patron's Sake
Nere minded Blunder or Miſtake,
But ſcribled on and Err'd.

While Hooper, Jane, *and* Iſham *ſtrove*
In vain to ſtem the Tide
And Finch *and* Aldrich *ſhew'd no Love*
Than theirs could more ſubſtantial Prove
On Dame Religions ſide.

As Sp——t, *and* Com——n *overu'ld*
By Numbers, with their Party,
Sigh'd to behold how matters coold,
And S—m's P—lat, *talk'd and ſchool'd*
Good Men for being Hearty.

As Upper Houſe too Jealous Grown
Of their own earthly Glory,
Forſook God's Cauſe to Plead their own,
And make their Privileges known,
With many on empty Story.

Safe and Releas'd from all his Fear
The Brute Triumphant ſmil'd,
And from his Accuſations clear
Rejoyc'd at Picks *with Voice and Leer*
As if he Truth had foyl'd.

When Senates having fix'd affairs
Relating to the Throne,
And furniſhed us with future Heirs
To Govern Kingdomes ſhould be Theirs
Should thoſe we had have None.

A Peer was choſe to wiſh 'em Joy,
Of ſo profuſe a Favour,
And M—field *ſet out to try,*
What he could do in Germany
With all his Court Behaviour.

And as 'twas fitting ſome ſhould know
What ſort of Inclination,
Their choſen Succeſſor would ſhew,
If Principles or High or Low
Were moſt with her in Faſhion.

Toland *with* M—les—field *ſet out*
With * *Book in Hand moſt Furious*
To ſearch, and Pry, and Stare about
And tell the world beyond all Doubt
How Nice H had been and Curious.

The Princeſs out of pure Reſpect
She ow'd the Brittiſh Name
The worthleſs fool with Preſents Deck'd,
Not knowing from what ſort of Sect
Or Animals he came.

* Anglia Libera.

Which

Which made him value, when return'd,
His Learning and Deserts,
As he with Inclination burn'd
After such things of Value earn'd
To go again and shew his Parts,

He went again, and there Remains
In hopes of farther Grace,
But oh! 'tis hop'd the Prince that Reigns,
Will spye the Drift of all his Pains
And Banish him the Place.

Lurking in Court the Monster lies
The Courtier to misguide,
Appearing with uplifted Eyes
To grasp Religion as his Prize
And have his God Defy'd.

And thou brave Chief whose Princely Rate
Adopted now for Ours
Sets out in Honours search and Chase,
And shines with a Refulgent Grace
Above thy Neighb'ring Powers.

Shelter thou not thy Souls Offence
Nor shew him farther Favour,
A Brute like him will serve a Prince,
Just as he has the Godhead since
In his dishonour'd Saviour.

Rather than his Opinions Chuſe,
To Calvin *ſtick or* Luther,
Seek any Prieſt with any Nooze
Rather than thy Salvation loſe,
Or think too meet with Truth Here.

Any Religion thou muſt own,
In any ſtate of Conſcience,
Is better far than to have None
To give ſome Countenance to the Throne
Though Luthers *is all Nonſenſe.*

You would do well to reply to him, and by a ſecond Attempt in Poetry, after your unimitable *Clito* give the World to underſtand, that tho' you are a Teaguelander, the Highland Motto is on your ſide, and joyn the *Scots* thiſtle to your *Iriſh* Horn, with a *Nemo me Impune laceſſet*,

I am,

Yours, &c.

John D——

From

From a Volunteer at St. Maries *to a Friend in* London.

Dear Friend,

BY the Fortune of a Soldier, I have travel'd ſafe hitherto thro all the four Elements ſince I laſt ſaw you; Earth and Air have been allways familiar to me, but ſo much Fire and Water as I have run thro ſince my Departure from *England*, without receiving the leaſt Damage, has almoſt perſwaded me to believe I could live in the Sea like a fiſh without drowning, and like a Salamander in the Fire without ſcinging my Corps, ſo many whizzing meſſengers of deſtruction have terrify'd my Ears in ſome of our Attacks, that the greedieſt Uſurer in Chriſtendom, had he known the danger I ſtood in, would have been unwilling to have given ſix Hours Puchaſe for my Life in an Annuity, when the Front of the Aſſailants were ſo woundedly troubl'd with the Falling-

Sickneſs, that not one Man in ſix was able to keep upon his Legs four Minutes. Death like an Ill natur'd Curmudgeon having made the Ground ſo ſlipery, Providence affording us nothing but the Scent of Sweat, Blood and Gunpowder, to refreſh our Noſtrils with in ſo dangerous a Condition; it was wonderful to obſerve the Courage of our Countreymen, tho' in the moſt terrible Enterpriſe; for in Every Attempt, tho never ſo difficult, their Reſolution and Bravery ſtill procur'd them Succeſs, which ſerves as a ſufficient Demonſtration to me, that when Religion leads an *Engliſhman* by the Noſe, and Honour ſpurs him in the A—s, he has heart enough to ſhake a *Hannibal* by the Beard, or ſingly attack an *Alexander*, tho mounted on his *Bucephalus*. I was very much ſurpris'd at the hardineſs of one Fellow, who ſtanding at my right hand had his left Arm took off by a Cannon Ball from one of the Enemies Batteries; upon which he muttered out theſe Words, (*viz.*) *What an unfortunate Son of a Whore was I to put my Tobacco-Box in my left Pocket, that now I cant Come at it with my right hand, to refreſh my ſelf with*

with a Chew. Another Fellow in our Advance happening to loſe one of his Legs after the ſame manner, Cry'd out when he was tumbled on his Back to one of his Companions (*viz.*) *Wounds* Will! *I can't forbear thinking how well pleas'd my Wife will be to ſee me come, Hopping home upon one Pedeſtal.* Why ſo, reply'd the Other? *Why,* ſays he, *becauſe I have loſt that Leg I us'd to Kick her with for ſcolding; and nothing vexes me, but that the Jade will be apt to tell me, 'twas no more than a juſt Judgment upon me, for making her A—ſe a Football.*

Thus do they behave themſelves with ſuch undaunted Reſolution, that they ſhow no more Concern for the loſs of a Member, than if they thought it Criminal to return home without ſacrificing a Leg or an Arm to the ſervice of their Countrey; and that no body would give Credit to their Courage and the difficulties they have ſtruggl'd with, except they bring home a maim'd Carcaſe, as a *Manifeſto* of their Behaviour amidſt the Dangers they have run thro'.

I ſuppoſe by this time you have heard ſtrange ſtories of ſome part of

the *Soldiery* and the *Nuns*: I know not how much the ſnow-ball may have gather'd in the rowling, but I aſſure you the devout *Seraglio* had no other uſage from us than what I am Confident they were well pleas'd with, and were ſo highly ſatisfied with our Deportment to them, that after we had oblig'd them with all things in our power, to gratifie our Civility, they offer'd to change their Religion, and would have Follow'd the Camp; and therefore, what-ever was done to the diſhonour of *Popery*, and the Glory of the Reform'd Churches, I hope can be thought no evil by a *True-Blue-Proteſtant*. Some of our Brethren, I muſt Confeſs, after the Inhabitants had deny'd us Neceſſaries for our Money, made bold to drink the Queen of *England's* Health in ſome of their Wine-ſellars pretty plentifully; and when they were merry, perhaps, like true Conquerours, they might ſeek out for a few Female Captives, to Exerciſe their Fury upon; but what ever they adminiſter'd to the *Spaniſh* Ladies I aſſure you was perform'd with that Modeſty and Tenderneſs, that I never yet heard one of them Complain of her uſage. But on the

the Contrary, the *Nuns* lik'd us better than their Prieſts, and the Towns-wowen better than their Husbands.

I have nothing farther to entertain you from St. *Maries*, of my own; but a Brother Volunteer being troubled with a Rhiming Scrubbade, has ventur'd to exerciſe his ſtarving Facultie amongſt us upon the foregoing Occaſion; and to ſhow his Wit in an Army, has run the Hazard of being thought a Coward. Whether it will Reliſh with your nice Pallate when it Comes to your taſt, I know not; but I aſſure you the Bullet headed Critticks among us, notwithſtanding the ſcarcity of Paper, have hitherto preſerv'd it from being made Bumfodder. Therefore I hope, as it is well intended by the Author, it will be ſo accepted from your aſſured Friend and humble Servant.

A. M.

On

On the Taking St *Maries*

A POEM

Containing alſo ſome certain Dialogues *between the* Engliſh *Soldiers and the* Spaniſh *Nuns.*

WHen *Lewis* ſtrove, as all agree,
For Univerſal Monarchy
And thro his cunning bore ſuch Sway,
That kept all *Europe* at a Bay,
Impoſing on the *Spaniſh* Throne,
A Baby Grandſon of his own,
One that himſelf knows how to rule,
As a Quack Doctor does his fool,
Who muſt with ev'ry Whim Comply.
Deſign'd to Cheat the Standers by.

Twas then the *Dutch* and *Engliſh* Fleet,
With Force unconquerably Great,
Rid uncontroul'd upon the Main,
And ſteer'd a Joyful Courſe to *Spain*,

In

In hopes all to return (God Bleſs us)
As Rich as *Solomon* or *Cræſus*;
But for ſome Reaſons yet unknown
The mighty deed remains undone.
Tho the Deſign was well projected,
It did not prove as we expected;
Some ſay the Cauſe we did not ſpeed,
Was, that ſome merry Rogues in Red
Grew tipſy with the Noble Juice,
Which Vineyards Yield for Humane uſe;
And Cocking then their *little Guns*,
They made a ſally on the *Nuns*
O'errun the Pious Heav'nly *Maids*,
Tho arm'd with *Crucifix* and *Beads*.
Then flung them on their backs, ſome tell-ye,
And baſely ſtab'd them in the Belly.
The Heroes drew, puſh'd home upon 'em
And ſev'ral Inches in they run 'em,
Whilſt they, poor ſouls, had nothing elſe,
But *Scabboards* to defend themſel's;
Which is no ſafeguard, we muſt own,
Againſt a Blade that's ready drawn;
Yet ſome among the Godly Laſſes,
So fenc'd, they put by many Paſſes,
Whilſt others at their Victor's foot,
Sprawling upon their backs, Cry'd out,

Nay, if I muſt be Kill'd, I muſt,
And ſo ſubmitted to the Thruſt.
Theſe holy Siſters knew full well,
There was no Fence againſt a Flail;
That Conqu'rours will do what they wou'd-do,
And ſo Comply'd as Women ſhou'd do.

All tho the Soldiers won the Day,
And all the Nuns at mercy lay,
Whilſt ev'ry Hero (till appeas'd)
Stuck his fair Captive as he pleas'd;
Yet the ſucceſs fell out ſo Croſs,
Our ſide ſuſtain'd the Greateſt Loſs;
And tis affirm'd in news from *Cadiz*,
That none were gainers but the Ladies.

But now to let you know what paſt
Betwixt both ſides, at firſt and laſt,
The matter ſhall be fairly ſtated,
How ſev'ral Nuns Capitulated,
How ſome kind Heroes gain'd upon 'em,
And by ſoft Elocution won 'em,
Who ſcorning Force, laid by their Swords,
And try'd the pleaſing pow'r of Words;
A Gallant Youth who led the Van,
With his fair Victim, thus began:

Bright

Bright Innocence, the Fate of War,
Has deſtin'd me Your Conquerour;
But yet, fair Soul, thoſe Charming Eyes,
Have made me Captive by ſurpriſe;
You need not for Compaſſion ſue,
Tis I muſt mercy ask of you;
The ſweetneſs in your Looks, I ſee,
Does bind me faſt, but you are free;
Therefore 'twou'd be but Juſt and kind,
To ſhow the mercy you would find
From him, who might by Conqueſt Claim,
What now he craves to Cool his flame.
But you the Victors pow'r ſhall have,
And I your Victim and your Slave,
Will only Beg at your fair Hand,
Thoſe Favours which I could Command.
The Charming Creature much affraid,
In Tears reply'd, to what he ſaid;

Moſt Noble Youth, each Gentle Word,
Prevails, beyond the fear of Sword;
But tho you've kindly us'd me thus,
You ſtill may prove more Generous;
Conſider I'm a harmleſs Maid,
And know not how you'd be obey'd,
Bred up in theſe, Monaſtick Weeds,
Devoted to my *Prayers* and *Beads*,

Young,

Young, Innocent, and never taught
To entertain one evil thought.
Religion is my daily Task
I know not what it is you ask,
If it be ſinful I deny,
If Inoffenſive, I Comply.
Conſent to ill you muſt excuſe
I rather you your force ſhould uſe,
For if by Rugged Violence
You take from my weak Innocence,
What I conſent not to reſign,
The ſin is wholly Yours not Mine.

Madam, the Gentle Youth reply'd,
You ſteer tow'rds Rocks you would avoid,
And into Greater Evils Run,
Than thoſe you are about to ſhun
For if it can be an offence
T'enjoy ſweet Virgin Innocence,
T'attempt your Chaſtity by Force
For Certain makes the Crime the worſe:
Therefore if you ſuch Violence Chuſe,
That's wicked for a Man to uſe,
Which you ſo eas'ly may prevent,
By kindly giving your Conſent.
Heav'n at your door the Guilt will lay,
Becauſe you choſe the ſinful'ſt way,
Then cloſe he hugs her in his Arms
And makes a treſpaſs on her Charms.

O deareſt Youth, don't uſe me ſo,
Forbear your Force and let me go,
I will, I vow, I will reſign,
O do not let the ſin be mine.

The next was one of Courſer mold
By wine made Merry, Brisk and Bold.
Who Catching hold on holy Siſter,
Addreſs'd her thus, but firſt he kiſt her,
Madam, ſays he I vow and ſwear,
You are ſo young ſo ſoft and fair,
That I'd not loſe this precious Minute,
For Paradice and all that's in it,
Therefore my dear to deal ingenious,
I will be *Mars* you muſt be *Venus*.
And in this very Houſe or Manſion,
Wee'l enter into choſe Conjunction.
Be free and I ſhall ſoon diſpatch-you,
I'm Cock'd and prim'd and muſt have-at-you.

Lord, Sir, the Pritty Nun cry'd out,
I hope You're not deſign'd to ſhoot.
I'll grant you all, you can deſire,
But do not, do not, do not Fire,
For if you ſhould i'm ſore affraid,
You'll kill me, Oh You'll kill me dead.

Next theſe appear'd a ſpruce Caddee,
A Beau of Wondrous Nicetie,

Who

Who pats his Captive on the Cheek,
And thus the Fop begins to ſpeak,
Dar, pritty, Phubs, I vow to gad,
You Ladies make us Soldiers mad.
What frigid Mortal can forbear,
Sweet Beauty ſo devont and fair,
Nay, frame not ſuch an Angry face,
I muſt attack your gart'ring Place.

Excuſe me Sir, O, let me goe,
How can you uſe a Virgin ſo,
To no immodeſt Freedoms given,
But weded for her Life to Heaven.
Gotzooks, my Dear, why what's the meaning?
By all thats Sacred here's no Linnen,
Why prithee, Madam, what a pox,
Are Nuns allow'd to wear no ſmocks.
No, Sir, the trembling fair one Cry'd,
We humour not our eaſe or Pride,
We wear CourſeWoollen next our skins,
As pennance for our leſſer ſins,
Faith, Madam, give me leave to tell you,
Byth *L—d* I fancy that I ſmell you,
Like an old Goat me thinks you're frouſie.
Beſides, my Dear, I fear you're louſie,
Faith, Madam, you may keep for me,
Your Sanctify'd Virginitie.

What

What ſloven do you think would uſe it,
Since you can't make one ſhift to
looſe-it,
Give me Good Clean fine *Holland* Lin-
nen,
Fit for a Gentleman to ſin-in.
No ſmocks ad take me I'd as Soon,
Cajole a Beggar as a Nun.

Come, Madam, ſays a ſtander by,
That ſee the Beau ſo nice and ſhy,
I've ſeen as Good as he by troth,
Make a Good Meal without a Cloth.
Faith, Madam, Keener Appetites,
Will Jump at what his ſtomach ſlights,
And I my ſelf am glad to Chooſe,
Thoſe Bleſſings he diſdain'd to uſe.

Have pity on a Maid ſhe crys,
Dear Sir, that at your Mercy lyes,
Pollute not helpleſs Innocence,
Forbear that Crying black offence.

Wounds, Madam, ſays the merry
Blade,
Woman for th' uſe of Man was made,
The Innocence you plead's a Jeſt,
You would not talk ſo to a Prieſt,
I know you Nuns are but a ſort,
Of Pious Wagtails for the ſport,

Of Brawny Monks and Prieſts deſign'd,
Your Cloyſter'd Life is but a Blind,
Therefore my Dear, be not ſo ſhy,
You know what's what as well as I,
Therefore don't ſtruggle but ly ſtill,
I vow and ſwear I muſt and will.

Nay, Sir, reply'd the Charming Saint,
If you're ſo reſolutely Bent,
In me its Folly to contend,
I muſt ſubmit and there's an End,
But don't, Dear Sir, nay don't, forbear,
Laud, what d'ye do, O there, O there,
Nay, now I'll ſwear, yo've quite undone,
A Nun, O fye, a Nun, a Nun.

The Gentleman in London's *Anſwer to his Friend at St.* Maries.

DEAR FRIEND,

SEveral of your old Companions as well as my ſelf, have made themſelves merry over the bottle with your Amphibious Epiſtle, which partaking of two kinds, and running into thoſe

thoſe different Elements, Proſe and Verſe, we thought, might very reaſonably admit of ſo uncommon an Epithet. We are all very Glad to hear that the Goddeſs *Bellona*, has ſhew'd her ſelf ſo much your Friend as to Protect you by her Shield under all thoſe dangers it has been your Chance to ſtruggle with: But cannot forbear thinking that when the fatal Reaper of the Bloody Field was ſo buſie amongſt you in getting in his Harveſt, how heartily you wiſh'd your ſelf (notwithſtanding your Bravery) in a ſnug Room at the *Roſe* with two or three merry Companions over a good Fire and the Bottle, where you would have no worſe Enemy to encounter with, than a Battalion of Bumpers, and no other danger to fear than ſtaggering Ebriety.

I muſt confeſs I know not how great a pleaſure, you wandring Heroes may propoſe to your ſelves in the Glorious fatigue of War and Battle; or what a Felicity you can find in the ſmarting Experience of Blood, Wounds and Slaughter, rewarded perhaps at laſt with a Wooden Leg, and ſo hop back again and ſhow your maim'd Member as a

Crippl'd Teſtimony of your own Valour, and Affection to your Countrey; which perhaps no body would have doubted, if you had ſtaid at home, and like a City Politician, given no other than a Talkative Demonſtration in every Coffee-Houſe you come into, of your Loyalty to the preſent Government, and zeal for the Proteſtant Religion. But for my part, I muſt acknowledge, I am made of a tenderer Mould, and never could reconcile my ſelf to the Mercenary Trade of Mankilling in my Life; and rather than to have ſail'd ſo many Leagues as you have done that had no occaſion to run the hazard of having my Brains knock'd out with a Blockheadly Bullet, who has no more reſpect for a Gentleman, than it has for a pilfering ſcoundrel, that the Gallows groans for; I would even have confin'd my ſelf within the healthful limits of my own Native Country, ſwore allegiance to *Bacchus*, Liv'd under the Influence of *Venus*, and would have been true to the Bottle, and Loving to my Miſtreſs, contented with my preſent Allowance, and have waited with patience for the Death of the old Curmudgeon, who muſt

muſt leave you when he dies, what's ſufficient to make you happy.

All Your Friends, I aſſure you, are very much ſurpris'd at your going into the Army, and think it wonderful that you, who had as many fine Ladies under your Command, as ever had *Solomon*, could on a ſuddain forſake that Charming *Seraglio* you were Maſter of at home, to hazard your Life abroad for the Embraces of a frouſy Nun, who its likely, has been Prieſt-Riden as often before you had her in Captivity, as Madam *P*— was by the Officers of the Horſe-guard, before my Lord— gave fifty Guineas for her Maidenhead. We none of us can Imagine what the Motives were that could induce you ſo privately to enter upon a Military Life, when all the pleaſures of *England's* Metropolis, waited upon your Appetite, and daily Courted your Inclinations. I heartily wiſh you may ſucceed well, but I can ſcarce forbear to think it was none of your own free Choice, but rather a Fate or Compulſive Neceſſity upon you, for I cannot believe a Man of your Diſcretion, if you'd had the power of free Will, would have ſcarce forſook the Charms

of *Engliſh* Beauty, for Cloiſter'd *Spaniſh* Gravity, Bead-bound to their Devotion; the pleaſures of domeſtick penance for the fatigue of foreign War, the ſafety of *Terra firma*, for the danger of the Seas; the Converſation of your truſty Friends, for the Company of falacious Strangers; the delights of the Bottle, for the hopes of Noiſie Honour, and hazard the welfare of your Limbs, for a budget of *Spaniſh* Snuſh, which you may feaſt your Noſtrils with at home for a Penny a day, and oblige your Friends into the bargain.

I know you will expect I ſhould entertain you with ſome novelty or other from old *Engliſh Sodom*, that may give your fancy Titillation, but I proteſt the whole Town is at preſent ſo deeply engag'd about the ſucceſs of your Expedition at *Cadiz*, that ſcarce any body will afford themſelves leiſure to mind any thing but the News Papers. The coming in of every freſh *Mail* puts the whole Town in an uproar, and People aſſemble themſelves in ſuch Crouds at the *Old Exchange*, *Pauls* Church, *Covent Garden* Piazza, and *Weſtminſter* Abby, upon the arrival of a Packet-Boat, and the noiſe of a new Expreſs,

Expreſs, that the Multitude in the Fables, who waited round the Mountain to behold the Monſter, could not be in greater Expectation of a wonderful prodigy, than we are here of ſome ſtupendious News or other, of ſome notable Exploit perform'd by the admirable Courage and Reſolution of you ſtroling Heroes; there is ſcarce a Craſy Alderman in the City of *London*, but has ventur'd half what he is worth about the taking of *Cadiz*, and it is infallibly predicted by *Coley*, *Gadbury*, and *Partridge*; That there will be a greater Rot among the Merchants and Traders of the City of *London* upon the Iſſue of this Affair, than ever was known among the Royal Snippers upon the alteration of the Coin; Nay the very Ladies of the Town ſeem to be ſo highly concern'd about your taking of St. *Maries*, and adminiſtering humane Unction to the holy Siſters of the Monaſtry, that they buſy their Brains about nothing elſe but your manly Exploits with the *Spaniſh* Ladies, and cannot forbear asking every Man of Intelligence, when the Nun firkers come home, as if they were afraid, the dextrous deportment of the devout Hi-

pocrites (who practiſe Fornication in Cloiſters, and have the Advantage of being well inſtructed by their Laſcivious Prieſts) ſhould ſo far excel the Correſpondent Activity of our *Engliſh* Ladies, that they ſhould quite alienate your affections from your own Countrey Women, and cauſe you to have as great a Liking to the *Spaniſh* Curtizans, as a *Covent-Garden* Beau has to *Spaniſh* Snuff; and that you like Cuckolding the Holy Fathers ſo well abroad, that when you come home no obliging Punk will bear the Price of half a Crown, except ſhe has been firſt Conſecrated by a Prieſt: As of late no Harlot could pretend to come into a Gentleman's Company, except ſhe had been debauched by a Nobleman, and would leap over a naked ſword, and ſwear ſhe had rub'd her Modicum with Quality.

I have little other news to tell you, but that the whole Nation is ſo unanimouſly ſatisfy'd with the Conduct of the preſent Government, that the very Citizens of *London*, as a Teſtimonial of their Loyalty, have, thro' Reſpect to Female Sovereignity, reſign'd to their much Wiſer Wives, the ſole Domination

tion of their Families, and have for ſeveral Months laſt paſt, granted them the out-ſide of the Bed, as a Token of their ſupremacy. *Pater-Noſter Row*, which was formerly one of the moſt trading Streets in the City, is now inhabited by none elſe but Petty-Coat Shopkeepers; and they begin very much to enlarge their Territories on the right in *Cheap Side*; ſo that it is Verily believ'd by moſt of the *Moorfields* Aſtrologers, the City in a little Time (if the Stars can foretel any thing) will fall under an *Amazonian* Government, and that the Husband muſt ſtay at home and Cook the Pot, whilſt the Wife takes a Walk to *Cuckolds Point*, to get an Appetite to her Dinner. The Meeting Houſes, which uſed to be crowded as full of Hatchet Faces, as the eighteen penny Gallery full of Viſards at *Squintibella's* Play, begins now to look as thin every Sunday as a *Saturday's* Change; for moſt of the Diſſenting Bucks, who us'd to brandiſh their Horns beneath the Umbrage of Toleration, beholding a ſtorm of Perſecution at a little diſtance, have wiſely taken Sanctuary in the Church betimes, leſt when it falls, it ſhould break thro'

that

that Paper-Shelter by which they were before protected. The Members of the Church muſt Conſequently be very much enumerated; but whether to her Glory or Diſgrace, I will not preſume to determine; but certain it is, that abundance of Knaves who were never wiſhers of her Welfare, are of late crept politickly into her Communion, for fear of being render'd incapable of Employments under the Government, by an Act againſt *Occaſional Conformity*, which is now on Foot; ſo that an unlucky Brood of a wrong Feather, hover now under the wings of the Church, purely for an opportunity of picking up thoſe Crumbs, which ought in Juſtice only to be diſtributed among thoſe harmleſs Chickens, which ſhe truly knows to be of her own Hatching. Its enough that the charitable *Pelican* feeds her own Youngones out of her own Bowels; but if ſhe Communicats thro her tender Compaſſion the ſame Reliefe to her Enemies, ſhe can expect nothing but to be ſuck'd to death, or that her ſelf and her own Native progeny muſt be much weaken'd, by ſuccouring a foſter'd Brood with what ſhould add

to

to her own ſtrength and proſperity.

But theſe are matters, I am a little ſenſible, too ſerious for a Man of your Airy diſpoſition: Therefore I ſhall not trouble your more ſpritely Genius with things of this Nature, more becoming the Conſideration of a Plodding Cit or Coffee-Houſe Politician; but relapſe again into that Levity, which I ſee now is much more welcome to a Man of your Kidney. I muſt needs tell you, Friend, there are three ſorts of People, that very much want the Return both of the Army and the Fleet (*viz.*) Whores, Victuallers, and Vintners, who Complain ſo heavily for Want, that if you tarry much Longer in *Spain*, your Abſence will work a Greater Reformation in *England*, without the help of Informers, than ever has been yet done by my Lord *S*— and all his mercenary Society; for Drinking and Whoring, ever ſince your departure has been growing out of Faſhion, for want of Rakes to keep the old Staple Sins of our Native Countrey in Countenance. And I aſſure you as an old Bottle Companion, that the Ladies of Admittance are not yet able to creep out of their old *Indian* Sattins, for

for want of your accuſtomary Benevolence; but look as Trapſing as a Parſon's Wifes Chamber-Maid, dreſs'd up in her Miſtreſſes old Caſt Offs, to grace a Solemn Anniverſary, who notwithſtanding the Plumpneſs of her Buttocks, yet looks ſo Taper about the Heels from the Sleeſineſs of her Gown and Petticoat, that a body would think her whole Garment might be drawn thro' a Wedding-Ring without the leaſt damage to her Condeſcending Apparrel.

The Vintners alſo are in a ſad want of you, for towards *Charing Croſs* and *Picadilly*, they have had little elſe to do in your Abſence, but to transfer the Scores you left upon their Bar-Boards into their Books, and make ready their Bills, wherein they are very ſubject to Prolixity, and put themſelves in all Imaginable Order to Salute you, and give you a hearty *Welcome, Sir*, upon your Return to *England*: Whenever they hear you have been upon any deſperate Enterpriſe, the terrible News makes them melancholy for a fortnight, fearing ſome unlucky Bullet or other ſhould have given them a Receipt in full of ſome long Catalogue of

of Articles which they keep, in hopes of being Cancell'd after a Better manner. *Taylors* and *Shoemakers* drink every day to your Succeſs, and ſeem to have as Great a dependance upon your ſafe arrival, as the Good People of *England*, the Rabble, have upon your taking the *Plate Fleet*; therefore whatever you do, come not home empty handed; for if you ſhould, you will find an Army of *Moabites* ſtand ready to engage you with little Pocket-Inſtruments, that at ſometimes will make the ſtouteſt Hero Tremble, and are of ſuch an invincible Faculty, that if, even they lay hold of you, they certainly take you Priſoners, and with one little Tap of the Back, will ſtop a Man's Journey, tho' he be never ſo haſty. Sheriffs Officers and Marſhal-Men ſay, they never knew ſuch a Vacation in their lives, and ſwear they believe all the People that owe any money are Run out of the Kingdom.

I happen'd the other night to be ſteering my Courſe from the Tavern home about Twelve a Clock, and at the Corner of *Brook-Street*, Stood a Female Conveniency, leaning againſt a Poſt, dreſs'd up in White, as if ſhe had been

been going to beg a Sweet-heart from the *Gallows*; it being a dark Night, her Lewd Garment appear'd ſo wonderfully bright, that I could not well tell whether ſhe was a Living Mortal, or ſome intangible Hobgoblin; To ſatisfy my Curiouſity, I ſtep'd Cloſer, and ſoon found by my feeling ſhe was Fleſh and Blood, and fit for any Humane Excerciſe a Man could put her to. Prithee, Sweat-heart, ſaid I, what's the meaning thou art ſtanding in this Melancholy Poſture, at this time of Night? Sir, ſays ſhe, I am waiting for my Husband. What profeſſion or Trade is your Good man. I farther ask'd her, that he can have buſineſs abroad at this time of Night, and put his poor Wife to the trouble of waiting for him in the Cold, at ſo unſeaſonable an Hour. Sir, reply'd ſhe, if you muſt know his Profeſſion, he belongs to the Law. What! ſays, I Sure he is not an Attorney? *No Sir.* A Sollicitor then I ſuppoſe. *No.* Gad take me, ſaid I, now I believe I ſhall hit it; I'll warrant he has the Honour to be a Bayliff? *No.* I was yet out of my gueſs; why then ſaid I, he muſt be a Counſellor, which is almoſt the Top of the Law; or a Bailiffs

liffs Follower, which attends the very Rump of it. No Sir, said she, he is not a Bailiffs Follower yet; but I hope in a little time he will be, for he has been an Assistant to one this four Years; and tho I say it, he is look'd upon to be as honest a Man as any of the whole Fraternity. And pray, Forsooth, said I, what business may he be upon at this time of Night. I suppose breaking open a House or stripping of drunken Gentlemen of their Hats and Wigs, as they are reeling home to their Lodgings, and so you stand ready here to Carry off the Booty that he may go upon a fresh Enterprise. In Answer to which she reply'd very Scornfully; I would how you to know, Sir, altho' we are poor we are honest, and to tell you the truth on't, there being but little Business stirring this War time, my Husband, like a lawful Man picks up a penny now and then by assisting of the Night Men; and having forgot to put his Brandy Bottle in his pocket, I stay here to give it him as he goes by with the Cart, or the stench of the Vault, poor Man, will be enough to stifle him. But in Grace of God, as soon as the Fleet comes home from

from *Spain*, he does not queſtion getting a more cleanly Livelyhood by following his old Profeſſion. Madam, Good Night to you, ſaid I; I wiſh you a good Stomach to your Odoriferous Bedfellow; and thus I parted with her, but could not forbear ſmiling to think what wonderful hopes they had from the Return of the Fleet, as if moſt of the Debtors in the Nation were gone in queſt of the *Spaniſh Flota*, and reſolv'd not to return till they had got enough ſilver to ſtop the Mouths of their Creditors.

I am apt to think, now I have ſufficiently tir'd your patience and cannot but fancy, I have behav'd my ſelf very much like a Talkative Goſſip, who when ſhe comes firſt into her Neighbours Houſe, talks of nothing but her Going, and ſeems very unwilling to be perſwaded to tarry, till at laſt, by one Story bringing in Another, ſhe falls into a Tittle Tattle, and quite forgetting what ſhe before ſaid, lengthens her Haſty Minutes into tedious Hours, not knowing when to riſe from her Seat, or draw her impertinent Talk to a Concluſion. So I told you an hour ſince, I had but little more to ſay to you,

you, and yet have drill'd you on with a *Canterbury Tale*, till I fear, I have quite founder'd your Intellects, and made your Faculties as dull as if in a Rainy day amongst a Thin Congregation in a Countrey Church, you had heard an old blind Parson preach an *Extempore* Sermon Two hours by the Clock, and the extremity of the Weather would not give you leave to ease your self of the penance; yet hope your Goodness will be such as to forgive this trouble from your assured Friend,

D. M.

A Letter from a young Officer at Vigo, *to his Friend at* London.

SIR,

AS fortune would have it, I have now such a Banquet of News to entertain you with, that there is never a hunter after Novelty in the

whole Town, but what will be glad to pick up ſuch ſcraps of it as your diſcretion ſhall think fit to ſcatter amongſt the Liſtening Crowd, but before you ſit down to the Feaſt, I fancy it won't be unneceſſary to give your Stomach a whet, leſt you ſhould fall to but with an indifferent Appetite; Therefore I think it proper to tell you firſt, it is Great News, Good News, Glorious News, and the Beſt on't is, it is true too, and that I reckon is as great a Rarity to find in *England*, as Fat Beeff in *Scotland*, or a Rich Yeoman in *Wales*. Should I fall too haſtily upon the Matter, I know not, but like a Woman over a dead Husband, your exceſs of Joy, may fling you into Tears, and Cauſe you to weep Nature into a diſorder; therefore I would adviſe you to prepare, and arm your ſelf with as much Reſolution, as if you were Juſt leaping in to Bed to a Beautiful Woman, Whom you would have half hang'd your ſelf to have enjoy'd before your admittance; nay to have had but Finger Contact with her harmonious *Furbulo*: For I muſt needs tell you, it is ſuch Surpriſing, Amazing, wonderful ſtupendi-

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ous News, that rather than it ſhould be as falſe as now it is infallible, we would have fed *Spaniſh* Mackeril with our Carcaſſes, and never have liv'd to have come home without doing this mighty Exploit, ſo worthy of being Canvas'd, Cuff'd about, and applauded in every Sober Coffee-Houſe Thro her Majeſties dominions. By this time I ſuppoſe you are troubled with a more uneaſy Itch than a *Scotch* Pedlar, and are as ſharp ſet after the happy Tidings I have to impart to you as ever was Buxom Widow for the vigorous Embraces of a ſecond Husband, therefore I will keep you no longer in ſuſpence, but like a Cunning Harlot, let you ſlip into the ſecret, now I have rais'd your Appetite.

You muſt know after we had done *Nun-firking* at St. *Maries*, where every Beau had repleniſh'd his Snuſh Box with Right *Spaniſh*, whilſt thoſe that had more Cunning took care to line their Pockets with a more valuable Commodity, and whilſt the Common Crowd of Heroick Clodskuls were drinking Healths to their *Engliſh* Whores in *Spaniſh* Sherry, their Wiſer Leaders were tapping full Cheſts of *Me-*

xico and *Peru*, in order to improve their Fortunes out of the Spoils of the Enemy; Thus when ſome had made themſelves drunk, others made themſelves rich, and every Soldier that was Landed had met with either Plunder for the Belly or elſe for the Pocket; we were Commanded by our Superiour Officers to reimbark, and finding it but an impracticable Adventure to attack *Cadiz* by Sea, and having little proſpect of ſucceeding by Land, we abandon'd all thoughts of endeavouring to do by force, what we had hopes of effecting by fair Means, till we found our ſelves very much deceiv'd in our groundleſs Expectancy, ſo weigh'd Anchor, hoiſted up Sail, and made the beſt of our way as we thought homwards; but meeting with Intelligence that Monſieur *Chateaurenaud*, with a Squadron of *French* Men of War, and the *Spaniſh Flota*, were arriv'd at *Vigo*; upon the Reception of the Joyful News, a Councel of Flag Officers were call'd on board the Admiral, who very ſpeedily determin'd the utter deſtruction of the Plate Fleet with all their Cowardly French Convoys and adherents, when this Gallant Reſo-

Reſolution was diſpers'd thro' our Fleet with all the orders that were neceſſary to be obſerv'd, in ſo Noble an Expedition; ſuch a General Huzza was bellow'd thro' the Navy, both by the Seamen and the Soldiers to expreſs their Gladneſs, that at *Hockley* in the *Hole*, when a young Puppy Pins the Old Game Bull, even then a parrallel Shout was never heard at the *Bear-garden*; thoſe Men that had it, Run now to their Brandy Bottles, and ſwore by a dozen hearty Go-downs every One would have his Weight in ſilver, or he would fall a Sacrifice to the Crabs that Crawl at the bottom of the Ocean; ſo univerſal a Joy was legible in every Man's Countenance, as if Providence before the Action had given them Aſſurance of Succeſs, and that every Seaman was well ſatisfied he ſhould live to ſee old *Wapping* once more, and there to ſpend amongſt Fat Punch-Gutted Bawds, homely Whores and blind Ale-Houſes, the pleaſing Fruits of his hazardous Labour, a Tar ſeeking after nothing further on ſhore to Compleat his Happineſs, than a Buxom Strumpet, a ſneaker of Punch, and a merry Fiddle, that he may whore, dance and be

drunk in one and the ſame Room without Changing his Company

Thus we chearfully ſail'd forward under a Brisk Gale, till we came within Gunſhot of the Town of *Vigo*, who by reaſon of the hazineſs of the Weather, were unable to diſcover us till we were Juſt upon 'em, and then their Guns ſpit Fire, and kept ſuch a Roaring at us, that the very Noiſe was enough to have made a Coward leap over board and hide his head under water, rather than endure to have his Ears terrify'd with ſuch dangerous Claps of dreadful Thunder: Yet we paſs'd by the Angry Town with as little regard as if our *Engliſh* Carcaſſes had been Proof againſt *Spaniſh* Artillery; or as if they only fir'd their Cannon out of a Complement, and never deſign'd to hurt us; Sailing forward till we came within four Miles of *Rondendello*, where the whole Fleet drop'd Anchor, to give the General Officers time to Conſult what were the beſt meaſures of proceeding, now we were ſo near the Booty we had ſuch wonderful hopes of getting into our poſſeſſion, whilſt the Seamen had recourſe to their Spirit of Hogwaſh, and Qualified both Soul

Soul and Body with an enlivening Dram for any notable Enterprize, tho' never ſo deſperate thro' the Wiſdom of our Chief Commanders, it was adviſedly thought fit to detach fifteen of our *Engliſh* Ships, and Ten of the *Dutch* out of the Line of Battle, with all thoſe terrible Emblems of the General Conflagration the Fireſhips, and to ſend them in upon the Enemies Plate Fleet, and the *French* Men of War, There to uſe their Endeavours, like true *Engliſh* Deſperadoes; to take or deſtroy all they could over-power, and leave the reſt to the Management of thoſe who ſhould come after, which were our Great Ships, if there ſhould be any Occaſion; But all the Flag Officers to give greater Life and ſpirit to the Action, went on board of the detach'd Ships, and nothing was heard among the Seamen and Soldiers, but Hey boys for a Capful of Cobs or a Wooden Leg. Now *Jack Spaniard*, have a care of your Muſtachoes, I can but laugh ſays another, to think how ſober *John* in his Cloke will run away from his Gravity, when he ſees a Fireſhip on board of him. *Tom, Tom*, ſays another, how do you intend to diſpoſe of

your Arſe, if your Head ſhould be-ſhot off! Blood, reply's the other, you may give it a *Spaniſh* Captain to make a Snuſh Box on. I have a ſtrong fancy, ſays a Jolly Seaman, tho' we are come out but poor Sailers, we ſhall return home as Rich as Princes; May hap it may be ſo, ſays his Meſs-Mate; but if it ſhould, prithee, what ſhall we do with our Money when we come into *England?* Do with it, replys the former, why, we will buy Brandy Enough to make the whole Thames into Punch, and for fear we ſhould want Tobacco, we'll engroſs the whole Cargo of the next *Virginia* Fleet, and when we have ſunk'd out our Weed and drank off our Liquor, then we'll come again to *Vigo*, and knock the *Spaniards* on the head for more money. With ſuch ſort of Dialogues, the Seamen made themſelves merry, ſhewing no more ſigns of Fear or Aprehenſion of danger than if every Man had ſhook off the fleſh, together with the Impreſſions of Nature, and was already enter'd into his Immortality, which nothing could diveſt him of.

The Great and Generous Duke of *Ormond*, according to the Reſolution of

of the General Officers in a Counſel held on board the Admiral over Night, Landed the next Morning with 2000 ſuch invincible true *Engliſh* Hanibals, that had an Army of Goliahs ſtood in their way, they would have pick'd their Teeth with their *Bayonets*, and have made the Gygantick Loobies ſtretch'd their Legs and ſtraddl'd over Mountains to have Eſcap'd their Fury. They were all obſerv'd to leap upon the ſhore with ſuch undaunted Willingneſs, as if every Soldier would rather Chuſe to have his Bones bury'd in an Enemies Countrey, than to have return'd into his own without performing ſome Remarkable piece of Service to her Majeſties Honour, *Englands* Good, and his own Credit. Their Landing by the Extraordinary Management of his Grace the Duke of *Ormond*, was Effected with that admirable Expedition, that had ſo many *Algier* Slaves been brought into their own native Countrey, to which they had been Strangers ſeaven Years, they could not have quitted their Ships more ſpeedily, or have purſued the ſhore more eagerly than the whole force that was Landed, did the Glori-

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ous Enterprize they were appointed to engage in: For as ſoon as they had got footing upon *Terra Firma*, The Lord *Shannon*, by the Command of his Grace the Duke, led the Granadiers to the Fort that guarded the Entrance of the Harbour, who at one Reſolute puſh, made themſelves Maſters of the Enemies Batteries; Upon the loſs of which, the Faint-Hearted *Spaniards* in great Confuſion, retir'd, for their better Security, into an old Caſtle, flying from the Fury of our Granadiers, like ſo many Cowardly Sheep terrify'd with the Sight of ſome approaching Woolf, whoſe Ravenous Looks Threaten'd nothing but Deſtruction: Whilſt our undaunted Soldiery were thus Buſy'd upon the Land, our Admiral weigh'd Anchor, forming the Squadron Detach'd for this Service, into a Line; and after a Calm, which for a few Hours retarded their Expedition, a freſh and fortunate Gale ſpringing up, they made a home Puſh in a Breaſt, in order to break the Boom and force their Paſſage into the Harbour of *Rodendello*, where Monſieur *Chateaurenaut*, with a Squadron of *French* Men of War and the *Spaniſh Flota* were Riding, as they thought,

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in unqueſtionable Safety; But Vice Admiral *Hobſon*, to his Eternal Glory, broke thro' the Boom at once, the reſt, both *Dutch* and *Engliſh*, ſticking by the way, till with admirable Dexterity they hew'd their Paſſage in upon the Enemy, and in leſs than an Hours time, had done ſuch wonderful Execution and put ſo many Floating Caſtles in a Flame, that the Dreadful Sight look'd as Terrible to the *French* and *Spaniards* as if the Univerſe had ſtruck Fire, and that the General Conflagration was juſt Kindled; Our Mercy to their Seamen, tho' Enemies, was as great as our Succeſsful Attempts upon their Shipping, for all the time we were Burning the latter, we were equally Induſtrious in Saving the former from Drowning, who, to ſhun the Rage of Fire, leap'd Headlong into the Water, and happily Eſcaped the Fury of the Flames, by truſting their Lives with a more Merciful Element. Whilſt the Detachment of our Fleet were thus deſperately Employ'd in Taking and Deſtroying the Enemies Ships and Galleons in their Harbour, our Forces by Land, through the Wiſdom and Conduct of his Grace the Duke of *Ormond*, had made ſo Succeſsful

ceſsful a Progreſs as to make themſelves Maſters of the Old Caſtle, tho' Defended by 300 *French* Marines, 50 *Spaniards*, and 40 Guns, and were March'd up to *Rodendello*, joyn'd with a Party of *Dutch*, where 'tis reaſonably Conjectur'd the Soldiers had a large Opportunity of making good Uſe of their Time, and furniſhing their Snapſacks with the welcome Product of *Peru* and *Mexico*; the Seamen at the ſame time Boarding the Galleons, were happily Rewarding the Toils and Dangers they had Run thro', out of the Cheſts of their Enemies, where they found plenty of that *Weſt Indian* Commodity that will render them extremely Welcome to their *Wapping* Landladies.

In a few Hours Time we had finiſh'd our Succeſs both by Sea and Land, with the Loſs of but very few Men, and without the Miſcarriage of one Ship in the whole Action, Taking and Deſtroying 15 Sail of *French* Men of War, with 22 Sail of other Veſſels, 17 of which were *Spaniſh* Galleons, moſt of them ſuppoſed to be very Richly Laden.

Our

Our Land Forces with their Plunder, are juſt now Re-embarking, and in a few Hours time we ſhall ſet Sail for our Native Country *England*, where we hope after ſo Glorious an Enterprize, to meet with a Joyful Reception, and that our Diſſenting Country Men will now Scorn to Relapſe into their old Ingratitude, and Aſcribe the Honour of this Great Deſign, and Succeſsful Undertaking to the Living Conduct of their Dead Hero, but give alone the Glory of this Fortunate Project, under Heaven, to the Queen, who is by God admitted to the *Engliſh* Throne, as a Peculiar Bleſſing to Her People. Which is all at preſent, from

Your Friend,

And Humble Servant,

T. H.

Direct your Letter to me, on Board Her Majeſty's Ship the Britannia.

An Answer from a Gentleman in London, *to a Letter from* Vigo.

This, and the Three Preceding Letters
By Sir C— S—

DEAR FRIEND,

BEfore I Received your Welcome Letter, every Steeple Oracle had Proclaim'd the Joyful News of your Succeſs, and we had made the Sky Bluſh with innumerable Bonfires; not a Coffee-Houſe Politician but has almoſt brought himſelf into a Conſumption by fatiguing his Lungs in rightly Canvaſſing the Matter; The whole Town was Deafned with the Mobs Huzza's, and the Nonconforming *Jacobites* look'd as Pale at the Surprize, as the *Whigs* did at the Death of their late Benefactor; the Church Loyaliſts Expreſs'd their Joy for the Good Tidings in Re-

Reviving Bumpers, and gave, like Faithful Subjects, the Honour of the Action to the Wiſdom of Her moſt Succeſsful Majeſty; but the ſpightful thin Jaw'd Anti-Hereditarians, as you ſeem to ſuſpect, Aſcribe the whole Deſign and the happy Conſequence thereof, to the Forcaſt and Wiſdom of their Defunct Patriot, and endeavour even with their Ninny Broth to Raviſh the Throne of its juſt Honour, to ſweeten the Memory of that Subteranian Greatneſs, whoſe ſurviving Fame has no manner of Title to the Immortal Glory of ſo Great an Action.

Porters, Coblers, Journeymen Taylors, *&c.* lead but weary Lives ſince the happy News of your Great Succeſs, for their Tongue teaſing Harlots, and more Implacable Wives, are ſo deeply Affected with the Thoughts of your Rich Plunder, that tho' they were ready to hide their Husbands and Gallants under their Petticoats in the time of a Preſs, yet hearing now that both the Fleet and Army wallow in Gold and Silver like *Indian* Miners, they are ſo Terrify'd with the thoughts of every Tolerable Oyſter Wench and *Wapping* Strumpet's

pets Finery, when the Seamen and Soldiers are come home with their Booty, that they lead their Cowardly Drudges worse Lives, for not Entring themselves upon the same Expedition, than if they were to be kept from Sleeping after a hard Days Labour by hot Pinchers and a Consort of Cat-Calls: Every Tubman or Labourer, if he owes the Chandler but Nine Pence, is Saluted by his Bundle of Rue, when he comes home from Work, with *You Lazy Rogue, you Cowardly Hangdog, if you had gone to* Vigo, *and have Serv'd your Queen,* God *Bless Her, you might have made a Man of your self, and have brought Home Money enough to have Paid every Body their own, and have Maintain'd your Wife like a Lady, and not have lain Hulking at Home in a Chimny Corner, and scarce get Money enough to buy Bread to that Cheese which your poor Wife is forc'd to Wash and Scower for; Egad, if they go again next Year, thou shalt either Troop along with 'em then, or By my Soul, I'll lead thee such a Life at Home, that thou hadst better be Nine Mile under Ground.*

Thus

Thus do the poor Wives in every Hut or Hovel, ſo teaze their faint-hearted Bedfellows, who ſculked and hid themſelves from their Laſt Year's Service, fearful of ſome deſperate Engagement, that ſhould the Government next Summer require an Hundred Thouſand Men to take the *Grand Seignior* by the Beard, or the *Chriſtian Turk* by his Muſtachioes, they need not want them at a ſhort Warning.

The *Beaus* at all Ends of the Town, to expreſs their Gratitude as well as Satisfaction in the Joyful Succeſs of Her Majeſties Arms this Summer, have quite laid aſide Brazile, Amber, and Orangery, and in memory of your great Action, will furniſh their Boxes with no other than *Vigo* Snuff; inſomuch, that if a Gentleman through Inadvertency ſhould happen to ſay, He takes any other than plain *Spaniſh*, amongſt theſe Nice Men of Honour, he would certainly be ſuſpected as an Enemy to the Government. Not a Coffee-houſe about Town but what has been forc'd to new Chriſten their Tea and Coffee, to oblige their Loyal Cuſtomers; and no ſooner does a

Fop make his Entrance, with a crumpled Hat ſqueez'd under his Left Arm, but the Queſtion is put by the Yomane of the Black Broth; A Diſh of *Vigo* Tea, or St. *Maria*'s Coffee Sir; A Glaſs of Right *Spaniſh* Brandy; a Dram of *Rodendello* Uſquebaugh, or what would you pleaſe to have Sir. The *Billingſgate* Flat-Caps, Cry *Vigo* Oyſters about Streets, and the *White-Friers* Ballad-Singers bawll nothing at *Shoe-Lane End*, and the *Porter's Block* in *Smithfield*, but *England's Happineſs, or, A new Copy of Verſes upon the Taking of the Plate-Fleet, Set to an Excellent New* Vigo *Tune.* The very Parſons in their Pulpits Sanctifie the great Succeſs, and Preach up nothing but the how wonderful Providence of Heaven more particularly ſhew'd it ſelf in ſo Glorious an Action. *Vigo*, inſtead of Religion, is become the Univerſal Talk of every Drunken Society, nay, the very Subject of every Goſſips Tittle tattle; inſomuch that it is brought forth afreſh at every Womans Labour, and is Baptiz'd a-new at every Child's Chriſtning. The old *Peripateticks* in *Grays-Inn Walks*, wrap'd up in *Devonſhire*

ſhire Kerſies, and Fortified with Bear-Skin Muffs againſt the *North Wind*, make three Meals a Day of your Exploit, and ſwear by the Red Noſe of *Oliver Cromwell*, a braver Action has not been perform'd ſince King *James*'s Abdication. Every Porter at the Corner of a Street, as he plays at Slap at the Pouch to warm his Fingers, cries out, *Where's the* French *King now Boys*; and every Cobler's Magpye is Taught already inſtead of *What's a Clock*, to cry *Vigo, Vigo, Vigo.* It's every Poetaſter's Theme, and every Bookſeller's Ambition to Print upon; for nothing takes about Town but a Congratulation of your Succeſs; every News Paper tells the Tale with all the Advantages imaginable; and the very *Gazette*, like a Country Parſon, has dwelt upon one Text theſe Two Months. Mr. *Ed. J—s* of the *Savoy* was ſo mighty Joyful at the Reception of this Good News, that, like a Fond Author he cou'd not forbear telling in a Penny Preface over Night what ſhou'd come after in his News-Book next Day. Your mighty Succeſs has put the Rabble upon an Expectancy of having *Spaniſh* Royals

as Plenty about Town when you have brought Home the *Galleons*, as *Dutch Skillings* were at the beginning of the late Revolution; and that you have taken Riches enough to Pay all the Nations Debts, Contracted in the late Reign, leaving enough to ſpare to Reward the Merits of thoſe concern'd, without a Penſion from the Government. Thoſe *Heroes*, I aſſure you, who have been engag'd in this *Spaniſh* Expedition, will be as much reſpected as heretofore were the Knights of *Jeruſalem*, and you will have the Honour to be call'd *Vigoneers*, to diſtinguiſh you from the common Herd. The Ladies of the Town are very much Enliven'd with the happy News of your Proſperity in this Noble Undertaking, and as a Token of their Reſervedneſs to oblige you at your Landing, upon the firſt Intelligence of your good Fortune, they rais'd the Price of their Favours, from a Shilling to Half a Crown; ſo that Fornication with any thing above an Oyſter Wench, is grown almoſt as dear as *French* Claret.

The *Charing Croſs* Beaus are as Joyful at your Good Fortune, as if your wonderful

wonderful Succeſs had been owing to their Coffee Houſe Conduct, and flutter about every News Paper, as ſoon as Publiſh'd, like ſo many Bats about a Torch at Midnight; every Man of Honour that lives within the ſmell of the Horſe Guard, takes an Opportunity of Signalizing his own Courage, in Commending of yours, and expreſſes his hearty Sorrow wherever he comes, that he was not preſent in the Action, that he might have ſhar'd in the Reputation of ſo Glorious a Deed; not a Foppiſh Gladiator among all the Tribe of Bravadoes, but what lays his Hand on his Sword when you talk of *Vigo*, bites his Thumb Nail in a Paſſion, and Curſes his Stars that ſo Gallant an Adventure ſhould be perform'd without him; all the Apothecaries in Town are mightily overjoy'd at your Enterprize, becauſe they expect when you have brought home the Galleons, that *Eſcutcheon-eal* and *Spaniſh-Flies* will be as Cheap as *Lignum Vitæ* Shavings in a Turner's Shop, upon the hopes of which, they are already grown ſo Prodigal of their Canthorides, that they Bliſter every Body they come near; but ſome ſay the College of Phyſicians,

ans, in ſpight to the Fraternity of Clyſter Mongers, deſign to engroſs the whole Cargo into their own Hands, for the uſe of their Diſpenſary. The Bankers in *Lombard-ſtreet*, and the Silverſmiths in *Foſter-lane*, expect Great Penny worths of the Seamen upon the coming in of the Fleet, and cannot be perſwaded but that every Cheſt and Snapſack will come home Loaded with *Spaniſh* Money. The very Name of *Vigo* is ſo univerſally taken Notice of, that a Graſier, about a Week ſince, was Robb'd upon the Road of a Hundred Guineas, and the Highway-Men were ſo Civil to tell him, if he met with more of the Gang, he might paſs without farther Moleſtation by ſaying the Word for the Night was *Vigo*. The Man at the Ship Tavern at *Chelſea*, deſigns to Write under his Sign, *This is the* Spaniſh *Galleon*; and does not queſtion but the next Summer he ſhall get an Eſtate by ſelling of Sherry, hoping to perſwade ſome Fools into a Belief that the Ship behind his Houſe, is one of the Plate Fleet that was brought home to *England*. In ſhort, the whole Kingdom is ſo ſtrangely infatuated with this ſide Blow, which

you

you have given the *French* and *Spaniards*, that it is verily believ'd in a little time, That all the Loyal Beaus, in Memory of this Action, will wear it Woven in their Hatbands, as the *Williamite* Fops in the late Reign did the Association; as for the Rabble of the Town, they are overjoy'd even to a Madneſs, and as a ſingle Inſtance of one Fellows Frenzy, Poor *Curley, Murley Puff*, has left off his Paſtry Ware, and Runs every Day to *Wapping* to Cry *Vigo* Dumplins. Which is all the News at preſent, from

Your Aſſured Friend,

And Humble Servant,

T. H.

FINIS.

The following Answer having been by Mistake Omitted, the Reader is Desir'd to Pardon the Errors of the Printer, and likewise what shall be found in the two Letters Annex'd to it.

The Scribe's Answer.

By the same Hand.

FAir and softly, Friend *John*, what occasion for this hurry of Complaints? I thought my self well Posted for the Advantage of the Common Cause, and in every one's Opinion, Capable of doing more Service to the Party where I am, than if I handled my Pen never so dextrously with you in *England*. Hold your Tongue, I say, the People in your Part of the World begin to know me, and it's my Business to Reside where they do not, that I may bring Matters to bear with the more Ease, and accomplish my Designs in writing my self *a Domesti-*

cis to thoſe that are call'd to the Succeſſion by Act of Parliament.

We had a Report, a day or two ſince, that Her Majeſty was with Child again, and it's beyond Deſcription to tell you what an Alteration it made in ſome Peoples Countenances here at Court; ſuch a Courtier drop'd all his Hopes at the very mention of it, and bad Adieu to the Thoughts of an *Engliſh* Peerage for ever; This Favourite look'd as if he had been Thunderſtruck, and *Domine miſerere noſtri* was as viſible in his Face as ever it appear'd in mine at the Cenſure of the Five *Kentiſh* Gentlemen, and their Commitment to the *Gate Houſe*. That *German* Count, who muſt be a Noble Man, Forſooth, without a Foot of Land, and who had before the News came, nothing in his Head but Meddows of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, and large Tracts of Flouriſhing Acres in the moſt Fruitful Counties belonging to 'em, fancy'd to himſelf that he ſtar'd Famine in the Face, and muſt have Hunger and Thirſt for his Familiar Acquaintance.

Le Valet d' Angleterre was immediately diſmiſs'd, and not a Man breathing

ing amongſt 'em but flung away his *Engliſh* Horn-book in the twinckling of an Eye, if they had been Maſters of no Language at all, 'twas enough for the Servants they had Thoughts of keeping for the future, or were able to find Employ for; and the Multitude of Malecontents that had flock'd hither to make their Court, began to think of retiring to the Proteſtant Cantons, and paying a Viſit to the Lake St. *Leman*. You may Judge I was not behind hand with the foremoſt of them, and prepar'd with the reſt of my Brethren, Her Majeſty's moſt Undutiful Subjects, to leave the Place of our preſent Abode.

Said I to my ſelf, *John* thou art one of the unluckieſt Dogs now Breathing, and whatever Side thou Adher'ſt to, is always that of the Unfortunate. I could almoſt perſwade my ſelf to turn Church of *England* Man this very Moment, in hopes that it will Ruin that Intereſt. Why not? *Honeſt Titus Oats*, of Everlaſting Memory, has ſhewn me the way, and if he has brought an Eternal Diſgrace upon that Religion by wearing the Habit that belong'd to it, without all manner of queſtion I muſt

come

come up to his Character in Scandal, by making Profeſſion of it's Principles which are the very Eſſentials of it.

When in comes a Courier with the welcome Notice that it was a falſe Alarm, and that there was nothing at all in the Report. That the Queen indeed was well in Health, but the Prince her Conſort was as good as given over by his Phyſicians, which would in all Probability give a mighty Shock to Her Majeſty's Conſtitution, whoſe Life, by her Conjugal Affection to him, was almoſt bound up in His. Nay then, thought I, Matters ſtill go well enough of our ſide, and the Nobility may continue to run in Debt for their Equipage, Their younger Brothers without any Danger of loſing the Intents of it, may learn *Engliſh* again, and their Tutors Truſt on, in hopes of Payment in their own Country Coin, when the Joyful Day ſhall come in which one of the Electoral Family ſhould fill the Throne of *Great Britain.*

But notwithſtanding this, I had my Fears ſtill, and it was not beyond a poſſibility but his Royal Highneſs might Recover again; *While there is Life there is Hopes,* ſays the *Engliſh* Proverb

Proverb, and I was ſo Zealous for the Cauſe that I have ſo deeply Embark'd in, I could have even wiſh'd that his Pulſe had had no more Motion than theirs that keep their Royal Reſidences amongſt the Tombs at *Weſtminſter*.

My Fears were but too juſt, for the next News we had from your Parts, brought us his unexpected Recovery, and daſh'd our former Joys with a mixture of Bitter Sadneſs. We are told here that his Royal Highneſs is much better than for many years paſt, that his Looks are more lively and vigorous than ever, that his Appetite is come to him again, and that both Houſes of Parliament have Congratulated her Majeſty on this great Occaſion. That her Majeſty continued to look like her ſelf, full of Majeſty and Sweetneſs, that ſhe had wholly parted with Sorrows for her Dear Prince's Sickneſs, and in all Appearance, the Kingdoms Govern'd by her, would have a laſting Enjoyment of Bleſſings under her Auſpicious Reign, and the Protection of his Royal Highneſs; that her Majeſty would for many years be of an Age yet to bear Children, and the Prince in a Condition of Health to Bleſs the Nation with 'em.

Con-

Conſider Man of *Impreſſion*, what an Influence ſuch Afflicting Ideas had upon my Spirits; I am but Skin and Bones at the beſt, but I grew a mere Skeleton at the very Rehearſal of theſe Melancholy Tidings: I no more thought of Preferment now than of being Clerk of the Cloſet to Queen *Ann*, or Lord High Admiral in the Room of Prince *George*; and all the glorious Conceptions I had entertain'd of the Downfall of Epiſcopacy, and making *Paul's* Church a Livery Stable for Horſes, vaniſh'd in an inſtant.

However it is our Buſineſs to make the Beſt of a bad Market, and yours that are within the Reach of the Laws of *England*, to congratulate her Majeſty after the Example of her Parliament on this Lamentable Occaſion. 'Tis but playing the old Game again, and Addreſſing Her (as our Party did her Father) on an Occaſion which they were heartily ſorry for. *Jack Tutchin* has ſhewn you the Way, and I cannot inſtance in a more Hopeful Precedent for your Imitation.

Now I am ſpeaking of our old Acquaintance *Jack*, ſuppoſe you put the Union between *Scotland* and *England* in

in his Head, and advis'd him to Bellow forth in ſome of his next Obſervators againſt the Re-Eſtabliſhing of Biſhops in that Antient Kingdom. What if thoſe Gentlemen in White and Black had a Right to Officiate there as ſuch; from its very Original, and the Kirk was never heard of there almoſt, before the Reign of *James* the Sixth; He has Impudence enough to prove the Legality of their Expulſion down to *Adam*, and the Antiquity of our dearly Beloved Faction, to be as far off as the *Chineſe* hold the Doctrines of *Confutius*; and would be very Serviceable to the Party, could he be perſwaded to leave off the Purſuit of his Friends at the Victualling Office, and finding Fault with the Commiſſioners of the Navy, and the irregular Practices in the High Court of Admiralty, and give Heart to the Party by ſetting the *Scotch* and *Engliſh* together by the Ears, and adviſing the Firſt not to give way to the leaſt Demands of the latter.

This would do ſomething indeed, and encreaſe the high Eſteem, moſt Perſons in this Country ſhew for that Author's Writings. I begin almoſt to

be

be Jealous of him, and Afraid that upon another Revolution he ſhould have a better Poſt than my ſelf, he ſtands up ſo glorioufly in Defence of our Diſſenting Brethren. Some People amongſt us here, are Tranſlating thoſe Admirable Pieces into the *High German* Language. A *Lutheran* of Quality among us here, has ſent for me to teach him *Engliſh*, on purpoſe to Read 'em, and every Man that has the leaſt Inſight into the Publick Occurrences, dwells upon the Name of the Sieur *Tutchin*.

As for my Part, you need not doubt my Aſſiduity, to bring Matters again to their former Criſis. *Bernard Lintot* ſhall not want Copies while he continues his Value for me, by not letting me want Money. In the mean time, ſet all Hands at work amonſt you to carry on the Good Old Cauſe, and ſhew that you deſerve Preferment in a Change of Government, from the Diligence you make uſe of to bring it about.

Old *Tim.* ſure has ſome Moiſture left in his Pen yet, and *Ridpath* has not made Sale of every Ounce of Phlegm he is Maſter of. He has by this time certainly

certainly drop'd his Quarrel with the Duke of *Anjou*, and has leiſure enough if the *Flying Poſt* does not too much Exerciſe his *Invention*, to fall foul on the preſent Eſtabliſhment.

I need not adviſe you to be Cautious how you diſpoſe of their Works, you have ſmarted for Publications once, and without doubt have ſuch a Veneration for that *Earthly* Tabernacle of yours, as not to be over willing to change it for one that is in the ſenſe of the Brethren call'd *Heavenly*. As for your Poetical Preſent, you may tell the Author of it, if any one among your Acquaintance knows him, that I have brought the ſame Forehead with me to the Court of *Hannover* that did me ſo much Service in *London*; and tho' I cou'd pay him in his own Coin, witneſs my Renowned Poem call'd *Clito*, and my other Celebrated Pieces in Verſe, I ſhall endeavour to return his Compliment after the Faſhion of this Country, which is to do what Miſchief I can to him and his Party in *Proſe*. And ſo I bid thee Farewel, honeſt *John*, and am *Thine, and thy Republican Partys Aſſur'd Friend*,

John T—d.

*** Goſſip

Goſſip *Murray* the *City Projector*, to *Inquiſitive Love-News* in the Country.

By *R*--- *D*--- Eſq;

'TIS a Sign of good Breeding to be Communicative, and I would as ſoon ceaſe to be Number'd among the Living, as among thoſe that are either Talking or Writing. There is ſomething beyond a common Pleaſure in thoſe excellent Offices, and Handing down Occurrences from one Perſon to another, is the moſt Agreeable thing in the World.

My Friends in the late Reign being moſt of 'em out of Place in this, I have left off ſtanding Centinel at the Parliament Houſe Door, and holding People by the Ears (that led me by the Noſe) in the *Lobby*, with Stories of making good Deficiencies of Funds, *&c.*

&c. for a Place of as much Profit every whit to me, which is that of a Retainer to a Coffee-House, an Indefatigable Tale Bearer, and Porter in Ordinary to all the News Writers in Town.

Nothing goes amiss to me, and as I run at all, so I burthen my Memory with every thing I hear, whether Matters of some Moment or none. Having told you my Trade, it is but Natural for you to expect a Cast of my Office. To the Business in Hand then, there's not a Dust of Tobacco in Town, but what bears the Name of Right *Vigo* Snuff; and one single Galleon is Reported to have brought home more Pigs of Silver, than the whole *Spanish* Plate Fleet had in it. I was afraid at first, there would have been no occasion for Ways and Means to Raise more Money, and that Men of my Business would be wholly set Aside, but it seems things go quite otherwise, and the Four Shillings in the P—— T—— is likely to Pass, notwithstanding my Fears to the Contrary.

Even those that were some Hundred Leagues distant have got Plunder by means of that Glorious Action, and the very Sweetners, Guinea-Droppers, and

Sharpers have made their Advantages by it. *Portſmouth* and *Goſport*, have Experienc'd it, and the Men of *Deal*, who are almoſt Capable of putting Tricks upon the Devil, have been Outwitted by it. Under the Diſguiſe of being Sailors, they have put off falſe Money, Watches, Rings, and what not, and there was no need of Trying whether Gold or Silver bore the Touch, did thoſe that Offer'd 'em to Sale, affirm they came from *Vigo*.

But the Buſineſs at that Place has been ſo much Talk'd of, and our News Papers ſo mightily taken up with it, that it will not be improper to Divert you with other Subjects.

For the State of Learning then, which muſt be a Novelty with you in the Country, ſince even the very Man that Writes the *Hiſtory of the Works of the Learned* knows nothing of the Matter. Books are grown a mighty Drug, at the very time the Preſs is ſo much Employ'd with 'em, and you no ſooner hear of the Death of an Eminent Divine, Lawyer or Phyſician, but an Action comes after it, or an Advertiſement in Print of the *Fair Way, with the Price in the firſt Leaf,*

Leaf, ſo little a Reliſh have their Heirs for what was had in Eſteem by their Anceſtors.

Yet your Authors keep on working for the Grocers and Tobacconiſts, and *White K—t*, the Anti-Convocationiſt, tho' he is at the ſame time a Member of the lower Houſe, furniſhes 'em almoſt every Week with Innumerable Rheams of Waſt Paper; were you to ſee him ſtride the Street, you would take him ſooner for a Fellow come from the Plough Tail, than an Arch-Deacon, or to read him in his Magiſterial Stile, imagine he was rather a Biſhop than one of the Inferiour Clergy, from his Arrogant Didacticks. Dr. *Atterbury* has no more occaſion to ſtand in fear of him, for as much as I ſee, than of his Antagoniſt the Dean, with his Huge Unintelligible Folio, and the Judgment of the whole Univerſity in his Favour, will have a greater Influence with Men of Senſe, than that of a ſingle A—b, and a few of his Dioceſans in theirs, eſpecially ſince the Houſe of Commons have made a Reſolution to ſtand by thoſe whoſe Prerogatives that Author has ſo juſtly Aſſerted.

As the Men of God are falling together by the Ears, ſo are the Men of Belial likewiſe, and the Diviſions crept in among thoſe that bear the Name of *Divine*, have alſo their Influence on them that bear the Name of *Prophane*, I mean the *Phyſicians*, that for want of Diſeaſes to Combat with, fall foul on one another. A certain Gentleman, I don't care if I give you his Name, one Dr. *Pitt*, having lately fallen out with his Benefactors, and ſhewn a Piece of Gratitude to the Apothecaries, that is common to People that are Rais'd without Deſert, by Expoſing their Medicines, and making the World believe they were Guilty of Extortions, in a Book of his, that only for the Malice it abounds with, has born a Second Impreſſion. Dr. *Joſeph Brown* has taken up the Cudgels againſt him, and made ſuch a Reply to him, as will be Valued by the Judicious, while either good Senſe, good Manners, or a good Stile will have a Repute in the World.

I cou'd wiſh the Doctor's Fortune was equal to his Deſerts, or that the Company, whom he has taken Pen in Hand to Vindicate, would give him due Encouragement, that they may not leſſen

leſſen their Antagoniſts Ingratitude by their own, for it's my Opinion, the Bookſeller whom it's Printed for, may ſpare his Eighteen Pence for a Quart of Wine for the Author of the Hiſtory of the Works of the Learned, though I underſtand that Gentleman takes it as his due for a Line or two in Praiſe of any Book, and I am credibly inform'd he commended the Hiſtory of *England* in two Volumes without Reading it, for the aboveſaid Conſideration.

This Pen and Ink Duel, in all probability, will bring both Armies to a General Battle, and tho' Dr. *G*—— in his Diſpenſary, has already given the Day to the Collegiate Mortars, it is not two to one but the Society in *Black-Fryars* will fling a Bomb out of theirs, as far as thoſe in *Warwick-Lane*, ſince they are ſo well provided with Ammunition and Artillery.

New Plays fall from the Stage as thick as Hail, and half the Nation is running Mad after Poetry. A Snuff Box and a ſcrap of *French* and *Latin*, ſets you up for a Judge, and accompliſhes you for a Confirm'd Critick. T'other Day, I went to ſee one that went by the Name of *She would, and She*

would not, only for the Surprize that the Title gave me. The Author ſhould have done as the *Dutch* Painters in *Amſterdam* do by their Signs, in writing the Names of the Beaſts they Repreſent under them, as *The Red Lyon*; &c. if he would have the World know his meaning. This Play, however Tedious it was to ſome People of Senſe, notwithſtanding the Faults it abounds with, went off currently, and the Ladies becauſe it was Calculated for their Meridian, and its Expreſſions was within their Sphere of Knowledge, Cry'd it up; and who the Devil but a Clown of a Beau would be ſo hardy as to Contradict 'em?

To give you a farther Specimen of the Taſt that Audiences now in Faſhion, have for Dramatick Performances, who but *T*— *D*—— ſhould come upon the Stage t'other day, with his *Weſtern Laſs*, and a Hundred Cork Nick Knacks and Whims to keep it from Sinking. The Play Bill for the Poet's Day, was as full of Merry Conceits, as a Quack Doctor's with the Names of *Diſeaſes*, and Anſwer'd Expectation to a Miracle, for he had a Houſe as full as it could hold, and notwithſtanding

ing

ing the moſt Abominable Prologue that could be thought of to Welcome Home our Heroes from *Flanders* and *Vigo*, which thoſe that came from thence ought to have broken his Head for, he won the Day, and Triumph'd over his Audiences Judgments and Pockets at the ſame time.

Whether it was out of Compaſſion, or Infirmity, no one knows the Audiences deſign, but I have often ſeen the *Plain Dealer* and the *Committee*, Pieces of Inſpiration if Compar'd with his hungry Jejune Lines, without a Third Part of the Numbers that Crowded to take a View of his *Weſt Country Deformity*. Were I a Juſtice of Peace in *Somerſetſhire*, I would— But tho' I am never weary of letting my Tongue or Pen run, perhaps you may, and how inexhauſtible ſoever my Stock may be, you may not be gifted with a ſuitable Attention; wherefore I leave the Proſecution of other material Paſſages with us, till the return of the Poſt brings me ſomething from you, and am

Your Friend to Serve you, &c.

Inquiſitive

Inquſitive Love-News's *Anſwer.*

By another Hand.

GOD-a-Mercy, Mr. Tittle tattle! Who could have thought of ſuch an unexpected Change as thine is? When I was in *London* laſt, I left thee a down right Projector, a Thinking, Talking, Plodding Dog as any in *England*; but now it ſeems thou haſt alter'd thy way of Living, made an Eſcape from the Confines of *Cogitation*, and fell into the Company of Diſputants, Poets, Criticks, and the reſt of thoſe that are in Queſt of the like Thread-bare Accompliſhments.

I Proteſt, thou deſerveſt Commendation for it, and tho' a Man muſt be acquainted with *Hunger* and *Thirſt* that Converſes with the Nine Muſes or any that belong to 'em, yet it muſt needs be a more agreeable Occupation, then ſetting your Brains at work, wearing out your old Frize Cloak, which has been an

an humble Servant of yours, ever ſince the firſt Rize of the Penny-Poſt Office, and hunting after Ways and Means for Great Men to run away with the Profits, that are the Reſult of 'em

What, a God's Name, will *L*—*H*— do for the want of thee for the future? He has already Taſted the Sweets of thy Converſation, and the Circulation of Exchequer Bills, which ſome Wiſeacres in Being, Attribute to him, has been of no ſmall Conſequence and Reputation to him. He may come in Play again, ſhould he live till another Reign, for we can tell over the Queen's Money without him in this, and then you may Starve again, for all that I know, to Fatten him once more; In the mean time he cannot find fault with you for applying your ſelf to your preſent Buſineſs, and giving account of an Art Mr. *P*—*r*'s Ingenuity has made him Famous for.

Now I am about Matters in Poetry, here is the Devil and all to do in our Pariſh, between the Parſon and his his Scabbed Flock. Honeſt Orthodox, as he calls himſelf, whilſt he is bringing Innovations into the Church, ſtands up Tooth and Nail, for *Tate* and *Brady*'s

dy's new Verſion of the Pſalms, but thoſe that are to fill up the Chorus, and pay their Reſpects to good King *David*, lay about 'em like ſo many Furies in Defence of old *Hopkins* and *Sternold*. Who will get the better of it, will not be known, till the next Viſitation, when the Biſhop is to Judge of the Matter in diſpute. In the mean time one of the Lord of the Mannor's Sons, a young Academick, has taken the Liberty to give his Opinion of theſe Heroes in Metre, in their own way, and determin'd the Controverſy in Favour of the *Ekes* and *Aye* Men, by the following Epigram.

The New Tranſlation Exploded

In *Hebrew* Times when *Iſraels* Faith was ſtrong,
Much was the Virtue of Poetick Song,
Saul's Evil Spirit *David*'s Harp Obey'd,
The *King* was eaſy whilſt the *Pſalmiſt* Play'd.
But now the Force of Poetry is Chang'd,
And *David*'s *Senſe* from *David*'s *Words* Eſtrang'd,
When *Tate* and *Brady* touch the Sacred Strings,
The *Madneſs* ſeems the *Pſalmiſt*'s, not the *King*'s.

So much for *John Hopkins* and *Tom Stexnold*; now for ſome more Poetry on another Subject, and that is my Lord of *R*— Poor Man, we are told his Lordſhip's Grid Iron has had no greater Sum fallen through it than *Two Millions* Sterling,

Sterling, and yet the P— takes him to Task: I'll ſay that for him, and a Fig for him, the Nations Beagles have had a Scent of him ever ſince the *26th* Year of King *Charles* the Second's Reign, but never could get a View till the firſt of Queen *Ann*'s; what they will do with him, the People in theſe Parts are very deſirous to know, and the Generality among us, wiſh that he may be made an Example to deter others from the like Evil Practice, among the reſt, the Author of the following Fable is one.

The Pay Maſter General.

A Certain Fox had Stole a Gooſe,
And being hard purſu'd,
Was forc'd to turn the Cackler looſe,
And take for Shelter to a Wood;
Yet ſtill the Country People ran,
Swearing they'd Kill him ev'ry Man,
And ſtrait beſate the Place
Which *Renard* had for Refuge Choſe,
That he in Safety from his Foes
Might hide his Roguiſh Face.
Zwounds, cry'd the Felon, what you mean
By following me ſo cloſe,
Can I be guilty of a Sin
That have Reſtor'd your Gooſe?
That's what you ſeek for, I perceive,
Then prithee Fellow give me leave

To

To Reſt a while in Quiet,
Your Neighbour has his own again,
And it's a Favour I maintain,
For me to quit ſuch *Diet.*
With that a *Bumpkin* made Reply,
Faith Maſter, betwixt you and I,
You've done the thing that's Civil;
By letting us regain the Theft,
But ſhou'd the Thief alive be left,
Odzooks, 'twou'd be the Devil.
Spare ſuch as you? A very pretty Jeſt,
You've ſtoln one Gooſe, but ſhall not
[ſteal the reſt.

MORAL.

A Stateſman queſtion'd in his Truſt,
Flings up his Place to prove he's juſt,
And thinks that he may Favours find,
Becauſe his Office he reſign'd;
But Parliaments have other Thoughts,
And yet may ſearch into his Faults,
As they the Man, and not the Place purſue,
And give offending Sinners what's their
[*due;*
As Chelſea-houſe *is ſeiz'd for it's Owner*
[*Guilt,*
And pays for Sums which have that Man-
[ſion *Built.*

Whether

Whether his Lordſhip will do like the Fox and Refund, I can't tell, but every one knows there are thoſe in the World, that are the Nations Godfathers, can force him to it. I am not for the Rigour of the Law, but with the Gentleman, that was for taking his Wife and Daughter into Cuſtody: There's Fleſh, marry is there, and were they but half ſo Wicked as they are Handſom, they would make an Attonement with me for thrice the Sum, and go a great way towards the diſcharge of an old dry wither'd Carkaſs, that has been a Stranger to the Comforts of Matrimony for many years.

From this Melancholy Subject, I muſt bring you to another, and that is on the Delay in Paſſing the Bill to prevent *Occaſional Conformity*. God Almighty has once more put it into our Hands by her preſent Majeſty's Acceſſion to the Throne, to Eſtabliſh the Church of *England* in ſuch a Manner that the Gates of Hell ſhall not prevail againſt it; but it ſeems the Pillars of it are not like thoſe of *Solomon*'s Temple, Capable of Suppporting it, and thoſe who Miniſter at its Altars are in the Number of its Enemies. I have ſome Verſes by me on this

this Subject likewiſe, under the Name of the *Thirteen Poſts*, but they are too long to be Inſerted in this Letter.

I could Oblige you alſo with ſome Extempore Lines on the Pretended Heireſs that Hang'd *Swenſden*. Much good may it do the Fooliſh Fellow at the *Three Nuns*, if he has Married her, he has no *Nuns* Fleſh in hers, and it's a Sign he has no Averſion to *Butter'd Buns*, if he can down with one that has born Twelve Times *Soaking*. Red Hair, Squint Eyes, and a Blood Guilty Soul, are very odd Recommendations, and had I been to make my Choice, I would ſooner have taken her deceas'd *Husband*'s *Halter*, than his Libidinous *Relict*, that could Triumph in the Arms of a Lover, at the very Minute, he that had *Married* her, *Bedded* her, and *Pleas'd* her, was under the hand of the Executioner for *Frightening* her.

But Prolixity is the *Devil*, eſpecially when the Subject is unpleaſant, wherefore I releaſe you from the Fetters your Noſe has upon it, and give you leave to pull off your Spectacles, by telling you that I am *Your Friend and Servant*,

Inquiſitive Love-News.

FINIS.